

NEXT WEEK ! SPECIAL HARVEST FESTIVAL WAR CRY !



THE WAR CRY

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 47,

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 19, 1899.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

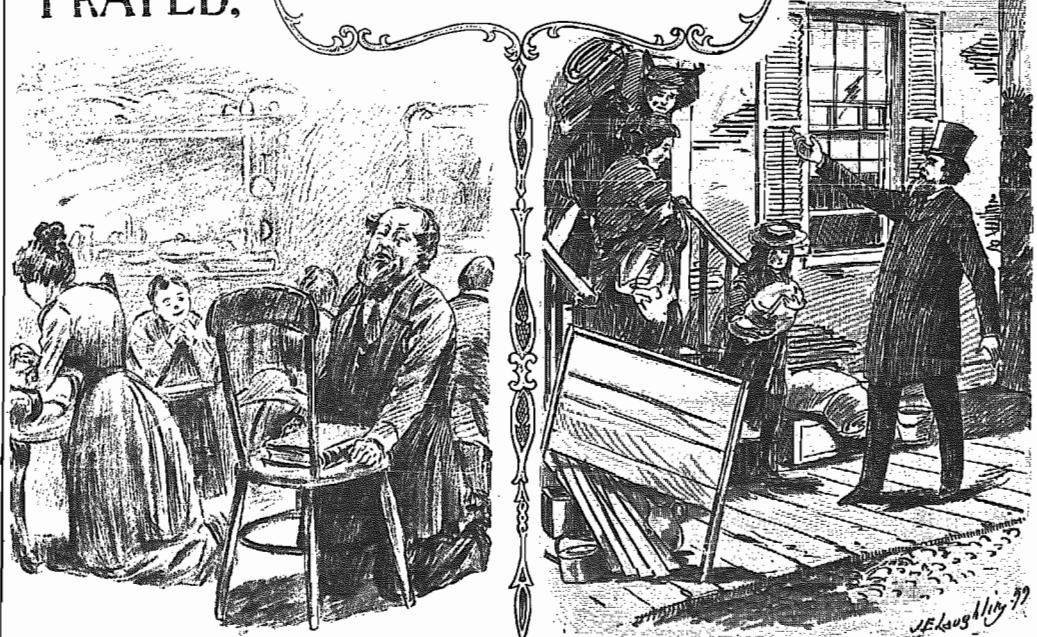
Price, 5 Cents.

HOW THEOPH- ILUS TIGHT- FIST PRAYED,

Our Father Which art in Heaven... And dost not take much stock of what is going on in earth.
Hallowed be Thy name And feared is my name in this town.
Thy kingdom come But not until I make the most of this life.
Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. And my will in my house and store.
Give us this day our daily bread .. Let others look out for themselves.
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,
And lead us not into temptation... And was be to those who don't pay rent promptly.
But deliver us from evil Except when I'm quite safe from the civil law.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, And from tenants that pay no rent.
And mine is the money, and half the town is mortgaged to me forever,

AMEN !

AND
HOW HE
PRAC-
TISED.



J. E. Lang 1899

JUDGE NOT!

A BACKSLIDER'S STORY.

By W. J. THOMPSON, Bermuda.

WHEN I first set out to serve God, after being an atheist for about ten and a-half years, I thought it impossible that I ever should fall; and I was very hard in my judgment of those that did fall. I used to say that if a man or woman once got properly converted, they could not possibly backslide. But I was soon to alter my opinion, for I had built my own house upon the sand, and I soon began to feel my foundation giving way. It happened in this way:

"There were ideals with whom for some reason I could never get on. I often asked myself why, but I couldn't answer the question. I searched my heart, but to no avail. I wondered if I was jealous of him, for he was talented, and although, like myself, only a young convert, was frequently called upon to read the lesson in the meetings and to assist in various other ways, for he was well educated and could speak well. On the other hand, I always tried to get flattered even by the simple testimony. To get the better of my feelings of distaste, I tried to conceal it from everyone, and acted towards the comrade as though I loved him the same as anyone else, but that terrible feeling seemed to get worse, instead of better. Whenever we were talking together with other comrades I would always jump at the chance of an argument with him, and then I generally lost my temper, and would go home in a bad mood, feeling miserable with myself and everyone else, and although I variably got the victory at the battles, it was only to be defeated again at the next opportunity."

At last that comrade himself came and spoke to me about it. He asked me what had come between us. I scarcely knew what answer I made him, but I know I insulted him and he left me with a look of pain on his face.

That night I went to bed without praying, and when we neglect to ask God for help we soon fall afoul of him. The following two days I seemed very miserably ill, and then I went out intending to go to the soldiers' meeting and get right with God. But the devil hadn't done with me yet. On my way there I had to pass a public house, from whence came the sound of laughter, singing and jingling of glasses. It sounded very attractive to me in the frame of mind I was in, and to cut a long story short, after trying for over twenty minutes to get the victory, I rushed inside and called for some beer.

The Devil had Gained the Day.

I drank several glasses straight off, and then was soon in the thick of the dancing and singing. I was drinking beer like water in my endeavor to stifle my conscience. I tried to get drunk, but no avail, for whereas the men around me succumbed one after another to the effect of the liquor, I seemed proof against it.

My Saviour's Face was Ever Before Me.

For the next two days I kept this up, and then only stopped because I had spent all my money. Then my conscience troubled me more than ever. I could see how weak in faith I had been: I had been relying too much upon my own strength, instead of leaning on Christ Jesus.

I believe if I had spoken to the comrade concerning my feelings towards him, and if we had prayed about it, I should have gained the victory over it.

Take warning, friends, and don't let the devil get hold of you if you are temptation any way. Go to the Lord for help. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Can you picture the misery of a backslider?

It is an awful experience. The thought that you have lost everything worth having. Oh, the wakeful hours at night, longing to get on your knees and ask God to forgive you, and yet afraid to do so!

Afraid to Face You God,

after the vile manner in which you have forsaken Him!

But one day I opened my Bible at random and found this passage: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," Heb. xiii, 5. Oh, what a merciful God have we! I could see His hand in this: I dropped on my knees and prayed long and earnestly for forgiveness, and praise God, received it. I had only been in the world a week, but it seemed months of misery to me.



TURKEY'S DEATH SONG.

DEATH is not a pleasant thing to contemplate, but since we all come under the law of death, we might as well prepare for it. A Turkey's preparation for death is a good life. So I advise you, my comrades, to feed well and sleep well. If we have to die it is best to die for a good cause, and if we die in a good condition we shall bring the most to a good cause. Perhaps you do not know that our mistress has promised the fairest of us to the Captain of the Salvation Army, for Harvest Festival. This should prove an incentive to us all to strive in friendly competition to fatten up quickly. Who is likely to be the happy winner? I don't know but I would not desire a better cause to die for than that of the Salvation Army.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE WITH THE MONEY WHICH I HAVE GIVEN DURING PREVIOUS APPEALS, TO THE SALVATION ARMY?

Ans.—The money has enabled us to make great advances in our efforts for the spiritual and social salvation of men, women and children.

How can you prove this to my satisfaction?

Ans.—Here are the figures of what has been accomplished during the last three years:

We have 15 more Corps than we had three years ago. We have 4 extra Rescue Homes.

We have 7 additional Shelters.

We have increased 50 Officers.

" " 1,395 Local Officers.

" " 2,113 Soldiers.

" " 2,573 Junior Soldiers.

" " 2,945 B. of L. Members.

" " 385 Companies weekly.

" " 1,491 B. of L. attendance weekly.

" " 4,414 J. S. attendance weekly.

We supply 9,675 Meals extra per month.

" 5,076 Beds extra per month,

Besides caring for a larger number of fallen girls and helpless children.

I went, at the first opportunity, to the comrade I had disliked. I found that al dislike for him had left my heart. We had a long talk together and I told him everything. He forgave me, as I knew he would, and now we are working in unity together for Christ. Praise His Name for ever.

I believe I have this time built my house on the solid rock, the rock of Christ Jesus. My only desire now is to be a servant of the Lord.

Don't Stop—Move On!

"In every to-day walks a to-morrow." If you have made great achievements, if you have done splendid work, if you stand high in other people's esteem, and especially in your own, do not stop to

write bulletins of victory to yourself and others. The only reward worth the having for having done good work yesterday is a chance to do better work to-morrow. The only reward for having reached a certain milestone in life's journey is the chance to do a better day's journey the next day. On the other hand, if you have failed, if through your own fault and your own folly, or the fault and the folly of others, you have seemed to lose your chance, if you have lost the simple faith of your childhood, if you have apostrophized your faculties, even when you have poisoned your blood, begin where you have failed. Make a new start, review the experience of the past, with all its good, and also with all its evil, set your face forward towards a nobler and more splendid future.

And never say you are too old. You

do not say it now, perhaps; but by and by, when the hair grows grey, and the eyes grow dim, and the young despatches to curse the old age, you will say, "It is too late for me." Never too late! Never too old! How old are you—thirty, fifty, eighty? What is rarer than immortality? We are but children. When I hear a man saying it is too late, it seems to me as when two little children are playing in a nursery, and the one who has dropped his doll and broken it, and seems the saddest soul in the world, says, "Life is not worth living." You have eternity before you. Begin, not from an imaginary past, to which you can never go back; but from an imaginary future which you have not reached. Begin from the present, with all its treasury of good—ay, and with all its treasury of evil. And, keeping the pathway unbroken from the past to the future, lead on to life to larger life, and yet larger life, answering the calling of Him Whose call is ever upward, upward.—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Three Good Samaritans.

A DINNER-HOUR EXPERIENCE.

One morning, when at my work, I saw, to my astonishment, a tall, thin-looking young woman, clothed in diry rags, come staggering along the street; she was not drunk, as one might have thought, but went through sheer want and exposure. My workmates called out at her shameful snorts and jeers, all of which would tend to crush more than ever the poor creature.

My heart, as a Salvationist, went out in tenderness after her. My soul breathed out a prayer on her behalf, and to my joy, she hobbled gaily for before she retraced her steps, and, in response to my voice, I saw her stand before the soldiers of the world, when strong, robust men laughed at her downfall. This gave me a chance of seeing more closely that there was in her just that which would make a fine, bonnie Salvationist for Jesus Christ. It was near the dinner-hour, and I asked God to take care of her for till dinner-time, and so He did; for when I walked into the recreation-ground I found her on a seat, with some rude lads round her.

I interfered at once, and asked them to let the young woman alone. The lads quickly relapsed into their known ways as Salvationists. I didn't loiteringly watch her, told her what I was and my business, and her reply was:

"No one will befriend me for nothing; so go away, or I will give you a snick in the face."

Still I pleaded with her, and she told me her sad story. She confessed, and I could plainly see, that suicide was almost the next step. But I had already accomplished the work of bringing into her soul a ray of light. By the time dinner-hour came round, I had got the money to buy a good meal, and succeeded in getting her to promise to meet me after the day's work, which closed at 5:30.

To my joy, she proved true to her word and was there. Another hour was spent in persuading her to come with me and get advice from our office. But this she said she would not do, as she had a dread of being sent into one of the Homes. I was bent on victory at all costs, so I managed to get her to Lockhart's coffee-shop and gave her a nourishing meal, and so promised my siste who was there while I went home, had tea, and changed my navy clothes for my uniform.

While at tea, I told my landlady what had made me so late. My landlady, by the way, is a fine type of early-day Salvationist, and this woman of God, having an eye to business for her Saviour, said:

"Bring her round, and let's see what she's like."

This I gladly did at once. We found that she was a twenty-four years of age, and only owned a ratty garment of clothes and boots, a good washout, and dealing with in a loving manner, and she would be snatched from a suicide's grave, and be saved in a two-fold sense—soul and body.

Praise God! this was done by our kind landlady giving her clothes and care, my brother-elder, Sgt. Row, giving half towards a new pair of boots and something for herself; I gave the other half towards the house. There we sat in a red-hot prayer meeting, got the spirit to save, and sang much the Blood of Jesus, and a hummin blessing to our own souls. She is still with us, and is as bright, and as happy, and grateful as possible. We give Jesus every bit of the glory.

AUSTRALASIA REVISITED.

Commissioner Pollard's Reminiscences

These assaults tried human nature, and an incident is recorded which sets off the inevitably comic side to the tragedy. The flag was the signal object of attack, and the flag-carrier had no mean service to perform. He was endowed with great physical power, but proportionately small patience. One night the Rosemary Branch of the Army (this was the name under which the Peckham Corps was then known) was startled by the appearance of the flagstaff.

Pointing a Moral.

"What are all those splashes for?" asked someone, on beholding it; all covered like the top of a paling. "To give 'em a warm time to-night, boss," the gallant standard-bearer replied. "I'll make 'em kick against the pricks to-night, old chap!"

A dose of sweet reasonableness had, of course, to be applied; but it was with reluctance that the standard-bearer swallowed the doctrine that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but spiritual.

What would have been the final result of the Army's operations in Peckham if it is difficult to guess; but at the end of a few weeks the captain was served with a notice to quit, with which began a new and thrilling chapter in our story.

CHAPTER III. OFF TO NEW ZEALAND.

Before entering the Training Home, George Pollard went through what will, perhaps, ever remain the best test a Candidate for the fight for God can be put to. In the interval of the Army's work in Peckham, in the old Baptist Chapel in Walworth was attended by fierce fighting than ever. It was opened by the Chief of the Staff, whose presence and the inspiration of whose counsel fanned the flame of a desperate zeal for saving souls, which was answered by an increase in the fury of opposition.

At this time George Pollard applied for a clerkship at the Headquarters of the Army, then situated in Newgate Road. His application was refused; and Commissioner Pollard has been able to use this leaf in the book of his career to practical use many times since. He was not wanted for office work, and was a trifling delinquent and young to be sent into the Field, although the Field stood in urgent need of the blood and brain—stuff of which Pollard was made.

This urgency will be appreciated when we state that, later on, the duration of Commissioner Pollard's trial was measured by three weeks; and yet he refers even now to the something which he then received as constituting a bulwark against the attacks of the enemy.

Devonshire House.

"The Training Home of those days was not the complete establishment which it now is," says the Commissioner. "What I learned then, however, has been a source of help in many different circumstances through which I have been called to pass. There were people to be found even then, who thought that our system of training is seriously at fault, because it is not solely and wholly theological and scholastic. They do not know us. In those times, as now, fighters were wanted. Nothing but a fighting Christianity will drive back the indifference of the age. The Training Home compels you to be in earnest. It sets before each man and woman the actual saving of souls as the ideal of life and her life; and, though I did not get the privilege of hearing many lectures, I learnt enough to confirm me in my faith, for a clear and definite conception of the work of an officer, and, from day to day, just the opportunities to put my consecration to the test."

"Two things are stamped upon my memory in connection with the three weeks I spent in Devonshire House. One was a lecture by Commissioner Howard: he was then Vice-Principal. About twenty Cadets were present,

this effect: 'My lads, when I see you in this room I do not think of what you are, but what you will be. Without assuming the role of a prophet, there are some of you who will become the leading officers of the Army in the future.'

"On our way that night to the old Bell Inn, Greenwich, to receive a plentiful supply of rather welcome food, we opened a discussion on the joke of the day—the Vice-Principal's prophecy. We had lively ambitions at times, but they never rose higher than a Lieutenant or Captaincy, or, to be more exact, a chance to do some fighting for God and saving souls.

Presentments.

"The other link of some interest was a presentment. I had a week before I quitted the Training Home. It was the first of not a few premonitions or impressions—call them what you will—I have had in my life. What influenced me to say that within a week I should be sent out of the Training Home, I will not say; but I was so positive that it could be said that I mentioned it to more than one. Thereupon, when Commissioner Howard, in the early morning, I knew what it meant, I was sent to Portadown, in Ireland, with my travelling expenses, the blessing of Commissioner Howard, and an injunction to lie flat on my back if I desired to avoid being seen sailing across the Channel!"

Quick Work.

There was, our readers will observe, a blissful dispensing of responsibility to young men in those days. In Capt. Pollard's case he must have justified the wisdom of his superiors. He was a success at Portadown, and Marylebone. His methods of warfare had one flaw in them, if we dare use the word: he was ready to use all the physical resources, so that when the call came for New Zealand, it found young Captain not in the most robust state.

"We shall be in New Zealand within twelve months from the present date," he read out in the War Cry at breakfast one morning.

His Lieutenant asked, "Where is that?"

"Somewhere near the moon, I suppose; but wherever it is I shall go."

And go he did. Another presentment.

George!"

Later on, and while resting at Matlock, a deep feeling oppressed him that he ought to go to Manchester and visit a sick relative. "I shall never see her again," he remarked, on leaving his resting quarters. While at Manchester he was dispatched to Matlock by L. H. Q., asking him to come to London as soon as possible and raising the question whether he would be prepared to go to New Zealand and start a corps there. When he reached London he was ignorant of this letter, and before calling at L. H. Q., as was a custom with our hero, his disposition led him to a certain quarter on the south side of the Thames, which he never did for him to visit the great city without paying his respects to this old acquaintance.

"I fear that there is a great farewell of officers for foreign service in Exeter Hall," George," remarked Miss Pearcey to him on his leaving. (The use of the Christian name here will suggest an expected development.)

"Yes, so I noticed; and I shall be sent to New Zealand." And he was another presentment.

The first person of importance he met at L. H. Q. that day was Commissioner Railton.

"So you have received our letter?" the Secretary questioned.

"What letter?"

"Oh, the one sent to Matlock, asking if you were ready for New Zealand." If you were not ready, you went to Manchester on some family affairs. But it is all right. I have had a presentment that you wanted me to be the one-hundred-and-first."

This was in the month of November, 1881; but it was not until February of the following year that Capt. George Arthur Pollard, accompanied by Lieut. Edward Wright—of whom we shall have something else to say—arrived for the Colony of New Zealand.

In the interval his work was versatile. His "travelling" had to be raised. There was no Self-Denial Fund, and Captain Pollard had to visit corps, plead the needs of the distant land to which he was commissioned, and one of the events was his walking through the streets of Stockton in a white cotton suit, with a keen frost and a deep covering of snow on the ground.

The day at last arrived: but so singularly indifferent were Capt. Pollard and his colleague to their future needs that the question of embarking on a thirteen-thousand-miles' journey, and on such a mission as the one on which they were bent, without money, never once entered their minds.

Commissioner suggested to Commissioner Railton that the New Zealand party might require a few pounds to open New Zealand, secure buildings, furnish quarters, etc.

"Certainly, certainly," remarked the Commissioner.

The Cashier of the Training Home had gone home, however, when the discovery was made, and no one resident in the neighborhood, friendly to the Army, possessed such a capital as to tide over the two young recruits.

The General was appealed to, and, by dint of some amalgamation of temporary travelling funds and some friends' assistance, the twenty pounds were raised, and next morning Capt. Pollard—with the Army Flag presented by Mrs. General Booth—and Lieut. Wright mounted an old wagon that stood at the gates of the Congress Hall, and, amid the halloohahs and God-speeds of the Cadets, the New Zealand expedition fulfilled the presentiment of the one-hundred-and-first.

Aide-Cade, Pearcey, who had exchanged her place at Peckham for a Cadetship at Clapton, was the last to wave her handkerchief, and something like tears glistened in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE DATES FOR THE

Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th, (INCLUSIVE).



"Now, Father, what can I do for Harvest Festival?"

It enables me to have sweet and uninterrupted communion with Christ, so that where I am, He is also.

It causes me to more rapidly develop and grow in grace, than when only justified.

It helps me to put confidence in my brother Christian, and leads me to think that there are numbers of people as good and better than I am.

It humbles me greatly and leads me to give God all the glory for all blessings bestowed upon me, and to praise Him if I am made a blessing to others.

It has fitted me for work, wear, life, death, and the judgment.

F. HOWELL, Capt.,
Morton's Harbor.

LORD, TAKE THOU ME!

A cry from Macedonia breaks my dream,
Still in my ears the pleading tones
of the soul;
Across the waters beckoning fingers
seem
To beg me, for Christ's sake, surely
render all.
Can I do ought Thy messenger to be?
I wait Thy mandate; O Lord, take
Thou me!

Prepare me with the panoply divine,
Without Thine armor I am sure to fall;

Gird me with truth, and with Thy
seal and sign
Upon my going forth I must prevail.

My Lord's knight errant, here on
bended knee
I crave to fight the fight. Lord, take
Thou me!

Grant me that hunger for immortal
souls,

Thine own heart's yearning for the
caring ones.

The hand of God which mercifully rolls
Around the world and for its sin
atones.

Show how the Cross can set the sinner
free.

May I this message speak? Lord, take
Thou me!

Open for me Thy providential door,
Then give me readiness to enter in.
Search Thou my soul, and let Thy
Spirit pour.

To cleanse to inspire my inmost
thought within,
And with a single eye Thy purpose
see.

My only wish, Thy will. Lord, take
Thou me!

Take me for sunny days or darksome
night.

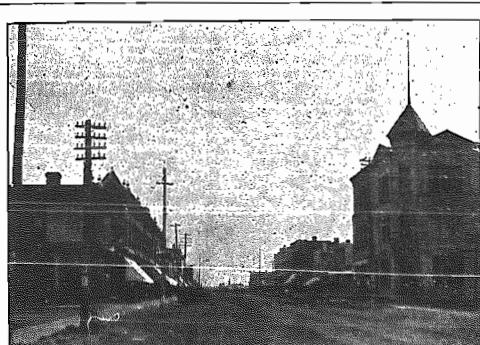
Take me for hottest fight or watch-
ing lone.

Take me to face the wrong, defend
the right.

Take me to comfort and support
Thine own.

I am but one, but all that one to Thee

Without reserve I bring. Thou wilt
take me!



Main Street, Jamestown N.D.

"In his peculiarly impressive style, the Vice Principal said something to



L—THE ANCIENT GREEKS

CHAPTER V.

SOLON AND THE ATHENIANS.

Athens was the lovely capital of the Ionian State of Attica. The city was named after her famed patron, Pallas Athene, the goddess of War and Wisdom. Theseus is claimed by the Athenians as their first King and lawgiver. An heroic deed of self-sacrifice is told of their last King, Codrus. When the Dorians were conquering the country adjoining theirs, an oracle had told them that they would never succeed in conquering Athens if they slew the King of that city. The Dorians were forbidden, therefore, to strike at Codrus, who purposed exposing himself in the battles. He therefore disguised himself, went into the Dorian camp and picked a quarrel with one of the enemy soldiers, allowing himself to be killed in that manner to save his country.

After the death of Codrus, the Athenians honored his memory by deciding that they would not have anyone less noble sitting in his seat. The Kingship was abolished and a democratic government established.

Unfortunately a state of misrule resulted soon from this change, in consequence of which the people called upon Draco, the philosopher, to frame laws for them. Draco did so; his laws were good but very strict, death being the punishment for the least crime. These rigid laws being impossible to be kept, fell into disuse and were forgotten. The confusion grew worse until another lawgiver, Solon, undertook to draw up a fresh code of laws.

Solon lived at an age of extreme mental activity and development. He was one of the famous Seven Wise Men of Greece. He was an Athenian by birth and of the old royal line. He had served his country as a warrior and had also the experience of extensive travels. The Athenians beseeched him to compile new laws for them at the time they were wearied with the misrule of the rich and great.

He had provided a government of nine chief magistrates who were elected every three years. A council of 400 nobles worked with them and in assembling our Senates. Peace and war and banishment of a dangerous individual was only decided by the whole of the people, who voted according to their tribes.

Solon's laws were not harsh and unnatural like those of Sparta. People were allowed to live as they pleased, but schools for learning and physical exercise had to be attended by all children. There is no mistake that the consequences of Solon's laws were most momentous; for in Athens arose some of the greatest men who ever lived at any time. The Athenians were as brave as the Spartans, but much more thoughtful and wise. It is well-known that they were a people of excellent taste and unsurpassed sense of beauty; their monuments of sculpture and architecture serve as models to our present-day artists.

As it is today, so it was in the olden times; one fool can ask more questions than ten wise men can answer. Solon was so annoyed by foolish questions about his schemes, that he went travelling, after having set things in order.

He abhorred untruthfulness. He asked one young actor, whether he was not ashamed to tell such many falsehoods. "It is only in sport," replied Thespis, the actor. "But he that tells lies in sport will soon tell them in earnest," was Solon's impatient reply.

In his journeys he visited Lydia, which was a kingdom of Greek settlers in Asia Minor. Its river, Pactolus, contained gold dust in its sand, and its King, Croesus, was exceedingly rich. The latter welcomed Solon magnificently and showed him his immense wealth and

rare treasures. Expecting that Solon would be impressed with it all, the King asked the philosopher whom he judged to be the happiest man.

"The man who is happy," replied Solon, "who lived uprightly, was neither rich nor poor, had good children, and died bravely for his country." Croesus was vexed at his answer, since he expected a flattering reply as to his own person.

but he asked who was the next happiest man.

"Two brothers, Cleobis and Bito," said Solon, "who were so loving and dutiful to their parents, that, when she wished to go to the temple, they harnessed themselves to her car and drew her thither; then, having given this proof of their love, lay down to sleep, and die without pain or grief."

"And what do you think of me?" impatiently asked Croesus.

"Ah!" replied the philosopher, "call no man happy till he is dead."

Croesus afterwards went to war against Cyrus, the King of the Medes and Persians, who captured Babylon and restored Jerusalem. Lydia was conquered and Croesus was about to be slain, when, remembering Solon's words, "Call no man happy till he is dead," he cried out; "O Solon, Solon, Solon!"

Cyrus heard him, inquired after the meaning of the exclamation, and was so struck with the explanation received, that he spared Croesus and retained him as counsellor for the rest of his life.

(To be continued.)

The General in Stockholm.

A Magnificent Fleet of 22 Steamers takes the Salvation Army Excursion Down an Inland Sea—18,000 People Crowd into Beautiful Soderfjelde to Hear the General—A Deluge Like Rain—Meetings in Circus and Theatre.

THE morning was bright and blue, the lake calm as a pond, and the organization so absolutely and completely perfect, that not the least appearance of a hitch occurred. Four or five thousand spectators lined the piers to witness the departure of the flotilla. Probably as bright these early risers were as the sunlight. The steamer as she turned her nose into mid-stream struck a chord of interest on the piers, for each represented either a Division of the country, or a department of the Army's work. The majority are painted white, and this, with the streams of flags flying from masthead to masthead, and the bright scarlet and blue serges of the soldiers formed a pretty picture, when brightened, as it was, with a glittering sun. The duck-like move of the General's steamer from the pier, and her sudden veering round, was the signal for the pent-up enthusiasm of the fleet and the people to let loose itself. Burst after burst of cheering thrilled the scene. Then the band on the small quarter-deck, as soon as her snow-white hull lay broadside to the concourse on the shore, struck up a Swedish melody. The General climbed the captain's bridge, waved his hat and in an instant lake and land were transformed into a whirling, fluttering stream of white. It was a pretty sight.

On the Sea.

Fully two hours were occupied in sailing down the inland sea to the village-port and holiday-centre of Soderfjelde. And all the way we had a succession of scenes, on a smaller scale, similar to the passing of the piers. Pictures in camp at the sun-side, or on the yellowish banks of villages, fluttered the inevitable banner-chief. Lake steamers put up full colors as they passed the General, and cheered lustily for the Army.

From barges, boats, yachts, skiffs, the salutes came loud and frequent; but the charm of charms was the sweet and moral influence on board the Salvation Navy. No drink, no smoke, no cards, no blasphemy, no disorder of any kind; yet perfect freedom, ecstasy, and recreation. The music was ceaseless, the singing divine; both interspersed with prayer, testimony, and appeal to the man or woman who had come to the fount with out the wedding garment.

The Deluge.

Along a baking and dusty road, shadowed by trees, the soldiers tramped to the Army's grounds, the entire disembarkation and other arrangements being carried out once more without a hitch.

The camp at Soderfjelde is a patch of forest, the freehold property of the Army. In form it consists of a hill with a steeper incline on the east than on the west side. The platform and orchestra which will seat 1,500 people, has a



COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT,
Commanding Our Swedish Troops.

slanting roof, and is on the east base of the hill.

The space in front of the platform is dotted with tall birch and pine trees, and will seat 3,500. When filled with people it looks like a massive gallery. Surrounding the entrance are myriads of coffee and mineral water vendors from the city and surrounding villages. Near the entrance to the grounds—which are, of course, enclosed by eight-foot boardings—is a storm refuge, Auxiliaries' canteen, general canteen, and tents for the various departments.

In this vast natural amphitheatre the General led a solemn meeting and salvation meeting—the first at 11:30, the second at 3:15. Animated as were the grounds before the meetings began, at the sound of the bugle they assumed cathedral-like stillness—a further testimony to the people's interest in the real issues of the day and to the good man-agement.

Eleven a sudden gloom fell on the scene. A cloud as big as a city and as black as ink rested right above the grounds.

I have been caught in a rain on a Welsh mountain, stood on the deck of a P. & O. in Colombo Harbor while the heavens dropped buckets of water, but nothing I have experienced comes near this deluge at Soderfjelde. It bowed canteens and tents to the ground, swamped stalls, flooded the natural gutters, and drenched people to the skin.

Such visitations, however, are always brief, and as soon as the cloud dissolved itself and a stream of sunshine struck

through the foliage, there was a rush to the amphitheatre, and in fifteen minutes the General was giving out the song with the refrain, "Send the Fire" and facing a congregation of five thousand! Not a drop of rain descended after that soot during the whole day.

The Fire.

And the fire fell. Solderam has the General risen to an opportunity as he did on this occasion. His address necessarily hurried because of the deluge was piercing. He touched upon almost every excuse which the human heart conceives for postponing a definite expression of the will to God. The silence of the scene was awful. I sat on the platform for half-an-hour, and then crawled up to the height, and at both points studied the effects of the General's preaching. Again I was impressed by the silence. It was the silence of condemnation—the silence that overcomes the guilty when the books of God (the Conscience and the Truth) are opened.

There were those the appeal. People here and there looked as if they wanted someone to set them and push them to the Cross. You could call the prayer meeting a struggle, it was too much of a reality to be described as other than a Judgment Hall one minute, and Liberty Hall the next. Musty, sticky as were our garments, oppressive as was the atmosphere, not a couple of hundred persons left the place when the thirtieth soul was announced at the pentent form, and the meeting was then in full swing. Fifty yielded.

In the afternoon the crowd was augmented considerably, and again the General handled them with the same matchless skill that compelled interest in his message and the same wonderful manifestation of convincing power.

An interesting ceremony preceded this meeting. Ranged immediately behind the General were twenty-five Corps Cadets, who, at the bidding of the General, stepped forward before the hand-rail, and were dedicated as the first nucleus of this growing movement, under the colors.

The General's charge after referring to the progress of the Corps Cadets in England, was an injunction of faith, truthfulness, self-denial, and perseverance. The Cadets were of a bright and intelligent order, and as the entire company rose, and with right hand outstretched towards the flag, the General pronounced a benediction. Sympathy swept over the congregation, many hearts were melted. Twenty-three men and women sought salvation at the close. A march-past, a well-arranged and pictorial affair, with a procession to the boats, closed the events of the day. But the most striking sight, as such, was the final farewell at Soderfjelde piers. The shades of night had fallen when the boats dropped their moorings, and as they steamed out of the narrow lock, with the hands in full blast, the echo on the still air was fascinating, especially when the eye rested on the banks and hills marked red and white with the thousands and thousands of people wishing the General God-speed.

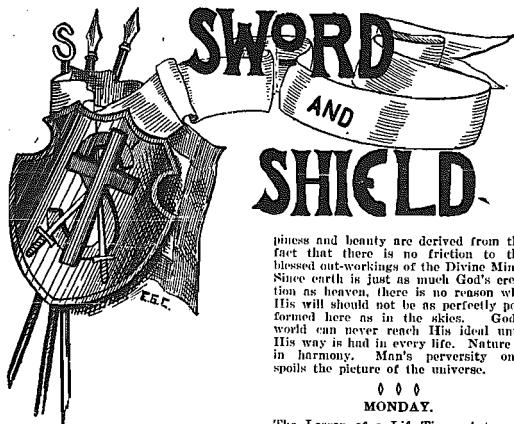
Salvation in a Circus.

The Alhambra of Stockholm was engaged for two meetings on the first day. On both occasions it was full. The Circus is most awkwardly adapted for salvation meetings. It has twenty-five separate entrances, each leading to a sort of sheep-pen enclosure, with no direct aisle to the pentent form. The promenade circus is wide, and was the rendezvous of all the characters that, to say the least do not add to the reputation of the establishment.

The General's task was Goliatian. God marvelously helped him. The Holy Ghost spoke powerfully through his winded voice, searching truth, and perhaps the best hand the General has yet won on the Continent of Europe was decided when fifty men and women walked, or were led, from all parts of the circus into the arena.

But this, after all, is but the skeleton or framework of the General's visit to Stockholm. The soul of it was himself. The gains of the campaign cannot be tabulated from the returns of the recruiting-sergeant, encouraging as these were. The most prominent results were undoubtedly those of which the public knew nothing.

The General held four Field Officers' meetings, a united meeting of Local and Field Officers. Staff meetings were richly clothed with an atmosphere of love and unity such as found a fitting expression in a baptism of sympathy and loyalty at the close, which made it difficult for the Officers to separate from each other.



Weekly Watchword:

Thy Will be Done.

"Children that lay their pretty garlands by."

So pitiously, yet with a humble mind ;
 Sailors who, when the ship rocks in

the wind,
 Cast out the freight with half averted eye,

Riches for life exchanging solemnly,
 Lest they should never gain the wished-for shore—

"Thus we, O Father ! standing Thee before,

Do lay down at Thy feet without a sigh—

Each after each our precious things
 and rare,

Our dear heart-jewels and our garlands fair ;

Perhaps Thou knowest that the flowers would die,

And the long-voyaged hoards be found
 but dust ;

So took them while unchanged : to
 Thee we trust,

For incorpipable treasure. Thou art just."

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

Earth and the Skies Unite in Submission.—Matt. vi. 10.

God's will in heaven's land. It's hap-

piness and beauty are derived from the fact that there is no friction to the blessed out-workings of the Divine Mind. Since earth is just as much God's creation as heaven, there is no reason why His will should not be as perfectly performed here as in the skies. God's world can never reach His ideal until His way is had in every life. Nature is in harmony. Man's perversity only spoils the picture of the universe.

MONDAY.

The Lesson of a Life-Time.—Acts xxi. 14.

The lesson which takes most of us longest to learn in the school of sub-mission is outlined in this simple little verse. Yet apparently it tells our pence of mind, position in God's service, and success in the service to which he has called us. The mysteries which worry the heart of others find if not their explanation a patient acquiescence which takes the annoyance out of them.

TUESDAY.

Our Privilege to Know His Will.—Col. i. 9.

To do God's will we must know it, and God has made every provision that through the guidance of His Holy Spirit we should not be in the dark concerning it. Those who seek to know the will of God are not denied. There is such a thing as wilful ignorance, and this is dangerous disobedience to be played with by anyone.

WEDNESDAY.

God's Will Done Through Me.—Psalm cxviii. 10.

The more we realize the more we value the possibility of working out Divine purposes in our heart and life. It is God's pleasure to make up the instrumentation through which His plans for the world's blessing are wrought. If to this end is involved the pruning and perfecting of our character, may we still say Amen to His will.

THURSDAY.

The Only Way in Which I can do it Acceptably.—Eph. vi. 6.

To do the will of God so as to receive the "Well done" of Heaven, and to as fully as our capacity admits of fulfil His wishes, we must do it from the heart. A grudging submission, a hesitating acquiescence, are mockeries to God, and serious faults on the part of the individual.

FRIDAY.

A Whole-Hearted Surrender.—Matt. xxvi. 39.

To put God's interests first in all things and to be guided in our conduct by His soul's ideal attitude towards God. Our sorrows will be soothed, our griefs comforted, and our perplexities find meaning in proportion to our willingness to place self last in our consideration and Heaven's interests first.

SATURDAY.

A Life in Harmony with Heaven.—Ps. xxvi. 15.

To have a soul fitted with heavenly grace amid earthly distractions is high ground to attain to. This is possible if the soul is continuously in harmony with the will of its Creator and His ordering of its life and work.



THE GOLDEN CALF.

Exodus xxxii. 1-13.

This narrative shows the Israelites in the most despicable light in which they have yet appeared. Their faithlessness here throws all gratitude and confidence alike aside, and is an instance of how soon men can forget the most lavish blessings bestowed by Heaven.

The Children of Israel here proved themselves to be of that untrustworthy type of people who are only to be depended upon when their leader's eyes are upon them. When his back was turned they forgot their covenant and promises, forgot his trust in them, forgot more than all the ever-present Eye of God which was upon them, and wholly lapsed into an idolatry by which they had not been enslaved for generations.

Moses was up in the mount talking to God, and staying, as he did, a long while

in that blessed communion, the doubting hearts he had left behind concluded that they should never see him again. They forthwith threw off the restraint which his presence would have exercised, and their murmurings and questionings found vent in the request for an idol.

This shows first that they must have been people whose memories were of that short, ungrateful character which takes God's gifts as a matter of course, and forgets the next day by whom they were given. They had had abundant proofs not only of the existence of God, but of His special favor and blessing towards them, yet now they can, in a moment's impulse, overthrow their faith and withhold their service to seek a god of gold ; and this in the face of the fact that they had been so strictly commanded—"Thou shalt have no other gods but Me."

Then their action also reveals the flimsy spirit which must have netted their worship, even while it had been given. If it had been real heart-allegiance to God, it would have been as true when Moses was away as when he led them personally. Pure religion and undefiled is the same under and without supervision—change of leaders, absence of spiritual shepherds, or alteration of circumstances make no difference to it.

The meet punishment of this infamy would have been destruction, and this in justice would have fallen upon the idolaters had it not been for the prayer of Moses, by whose intercession mercy withheld the avenging sword and gave the undeserving another chance. And there have been numberless illustrations throughout later history that the prayer of the righteous prevails with God for men.

NEXT WEEK ! NEXT WEEK !

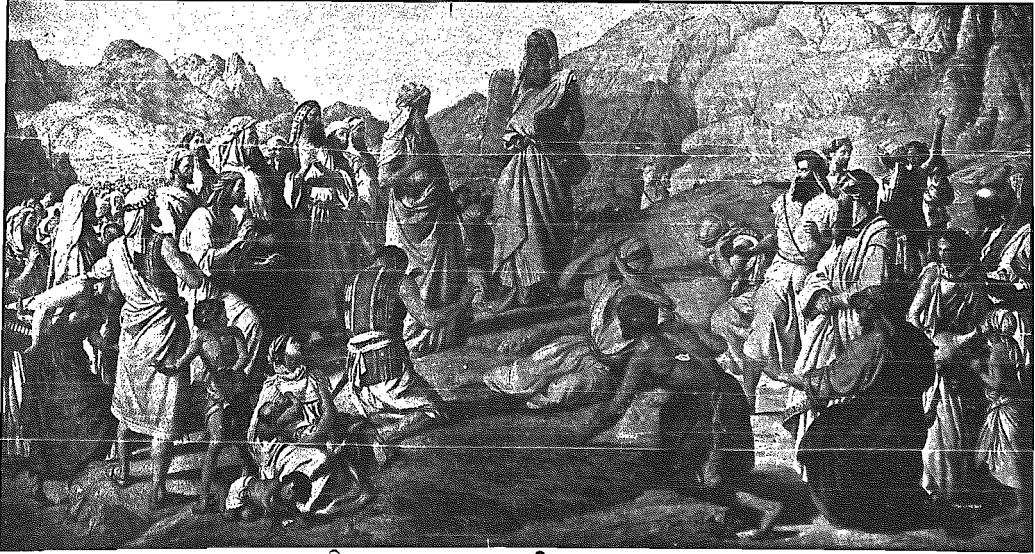
The Special

HARVEST
FESTIVAL
WAR CRY !

A Special Number at the Ordinary Price.

DON'T MISS IT !

He who is careless and lukewarm hath trouble upon trouble, and suffereth anguish upon every side, because he is without inward consolation, and is forbidden to seek that which is outward



MOSES' DESCENT FROM SINAI.

Hits and Misses.

H. F. Preparation Lessons— Founded on Fact

By J. E. M.

1. Capt. —— almost doubled his big target. Magnificent victory! Points by which he won:

- (a) Began on time.
- (b) Brought the Juniors to the front.
- (c) Advertised the campaign in an original way.
- (d) Arranged stalls for Seniors and Juniors and made a good display in decoration.
- (e) In short, carried out the full program of Hand-Book.

Result—Was a joy to his P. O., an inspiration to his comrades and a comfort to his Commissioner.

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2. E.— was going to do a big thing, assured himself, his P. O. and everybody else he came in contact with that his target was all right. Delayed organizing, collecting, etc., until the actual H. F. week. Postponed H. F. week, forgot to buy a few goals but nobody came to buy, was going to move the earth in trying to "get," but did not bend himself to it, so he missed his \$90 target by \$80.

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3. Capt. T.— does not believe in collecting cash for H. F., because of its injury to S. D., applied himself amanfully to acquire produce, goods, etc., his wife buying herself a needle, sewing machine and cloth and getting the sister to join her. Adhered to Hand-Book. Sold goods to great advantage at Festival. Hit his target bang—and deserved to.

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4. Capt. ——'s corps was behind with rent. Landlord was an outsider—worried the P.O. with the old yarn, "Soldiers and friends don't want money sent out of town." Went down to him under the narrow pressure of "H. F. begins at home." Fought for the injunction of the Master. "Seek first the Kingdom," and put self and soldiers first and did nothing. Result—Few weeks later rumpus in the corps, nearly all the soldiers left, the few converts backslid and the Captain and the Army became disgraced.

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5. Capt. —— at —— corps, in similar difficulty as above for rent, etc., but the debt was three times as heavy. People made the same objections, "They have the cash applied to local purposes or we won't do anything." Captain stood up to them, pleaded the Bible principle of giving, the needs of the poor and unfortunate, who were in a far worse condition than themselves, shamed them with cases of self-sacrifice and denial and taught them the F. in dead earnest, pray as she went about it. Some said her act and out, some criticized, a few grumbled, others reported and turned in and helped. Result—Hit her target and sent in the cash. God found a way to send the corps a good donation just after. Every soldier was delighted, and promised not to fight the H. F. of '99.

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6. Capt. —— miserably failed. Could not bother with reading that long, tedious Hand-Book. What did those who wrote it know about it? They were on the Staff. What did they know about leading a corps? Did a little towards the last, but was so late did not get half the target.

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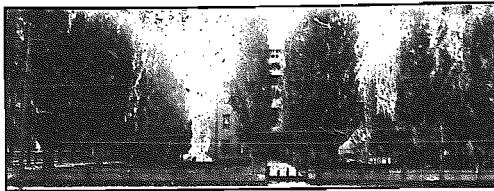
7. The Captain of A.— was in early in the morning to catch farmers going to market and had her few soldiers go along with directions. Canvassed systematically for fruits, vegetables and the like. Very small corps, but sent the H. F. up from \$7 to \$19. The same points helped Capt. —— to get \$27, although in '97 they did nothing.

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8. Through the combined effort of system, organization, spirit, determination, good precedent and example, Capt. —— fairly drove the H. F. financial returns from \$11 in '97 to \$72 in '98. Not a big town or corps either. This, too, brought Adj't. ——'s corps from \$45 to \$72.

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9. More lack of interest, however, caused Capt. —— to miss the target. What did it matter? What advantage would it be to me? There is enough to



Lewiston Public School.

do without H. F. "Suppose I must do a little or I may get court-martialed," etc., and down went the amount from \$20 in '97 to \$13 in '98.

○ ○ ○

10. It was real hard work—a simple practical putting the Hand-Book into action—that made Ensign Orchard bring her corps up from \$90 in '97 to \$414 in '98. She will be better still in '99. The same might be said of Adj't. —— who, with an heroic struggle, dragged his corps from \$45 to \$60.

A Trip up North

WITH

Mrs. Staff-Captain Phillips.

We did not make a very bright beginning. In the first place, we had to be up at 5:30 a.m. to catch the train, and so felt tired. Then it was the day before the 1st, and the cars were very much crowded. This, with the intense heat, tried our faith and patience a little.

However, we got to Stratford about breakfast time, with two hours to wait; just time, we thought, to go up and see Mrs. Adj't. Hughes for a cup of tea. No sooner thought of than done, only that Mrs. Hughes did not need any coaxing. We got a good cup too, and life at once took on a brighter hue.

We arrived at PALMERSTON at noon. The band was at the station, playing well for the time they have been practised. Ensign Orchard had a dinner and tea arranged for us, and a room and a very nice time we had. It was the 15th anniversary of the corps. The crowds were very good, the largest for months, and the audience over twice the usual for the week-end. Capt. Helmick and Sergt-Major and Mrs. Kerswell of London, were in evidence. The Captain at her old job of "try" pushing. The Sergt-Major and his wife sang some lovely duets, and helped along generally. "We are

The Champion Kyes-Drillers of the District now," said Ensign, with a glowing face.

In the afternoon we had testimonies from some who had been saved 60 years and some of only a few months' standing. Everyone was the essence of kindness, love, and we enjoyed the visit very much.

On Tuesday we went to DRAFTON and had two good meetings, though the thunderstorm that came up spoilt the crowd the second night. Drafton is a pretty little town, with some good buildings. The barracks also is a credit to the corps. A few faithful soldiers plot on for God and souls, and will surely reap a harvest some day.

Wednesday and Thursday we spent at LISTOWELL. St. John's festival first night, League of Mercy second. A great deal of interest was shown towards the work of the league. Capt. Mathews and Lieut. Mumford have all cleaned and papered the barracks and quarters, and have things looking very nice. See. McKenzie received us with a smile, and the whole corps was congenitally good.

On Friday we had a good, lively meeting, and all day Sunday God's presence was felt amongst us. At night one dear brother came and gave his heart to God.

While we have been rejoicing over Capt. and Mrs. Keefer coming amongst us, yet we all felt sad at heart at Sunday night at having to say goodbye to our Lieutenant. He has so faithfully served as head amongst us for nearly seven months. That God may bless her and make her a blessing to as many people in Seaford as she has been to people in St. Thomas, rises from the hearts of all her St. Thomas' comrades.

believe good was done. Ice cream on Market Street. Captain did infinitely better than she expected to.

Tuesday we got home just a little tired, but very much gratified with the trip, and ready to go again. Flight on, comrades up north. God sees your toll, and will reward you. Nothing done in His name shall be forgotten.

Among the old stand-bys, we were glad to meet S.M. Scarr, Drayton; Treas. Cowan, Palmerston; Bro. McKenzie, Listowel; Bro. Caithlin, Wingham; and many other friends and persons who have given their flag for many years. God bless them. The Junior work is picking up all round the district. The locals are working faithfully. Ensign Orchard is a well known figure in that part of the country. Stickling at it seems to be his motto, and he will win.

GOOD WEEK-END MEETINGS AT ST. THOMAS.

A grand reception was tendered Capt. and Mrs. Keefer here last Friday night, July 21st. They have just returned from their wedding trip, having been married about three weeks ago at Scarborough. For six months previous to her marriage Mrs. Keefer, who was then Capt. Ebsary, was our leader in the great Salvation fight, and right nobly did she fit that position. Many were shown the salutary condition of the atmosphere or the fierce onslaught of that brutal conductor I was not then in a position to know. At any rate, prompted by a desire to do something positive, I went up to that conductor as the train was slowing up, and in a kindly manner, offered to assist him and his heavy burden from the steep platform. He looked at me with a most peculiar look of surprise, which, since he said nothing, I immediately construed into an acceptance of my services.

Six years after, I was walking, one evening, along the streets of Seaford, when I observed someone coming rapidly along the pavement behind me. When he had caught up with me, he tipped his hat very respectfully, and inquired:

"Sir, are you Dr. Y——?" calling me by name. I answered in the affirmative.

"Don't you recognize me?" he said. I replied that I did not.

He then explained that he was my friend the carpenter, whom I had assisted from the platform of the fast freight on a certain hot day in August, over six years ago. I, of course, recollect the incident immediately, and expressed great pleasure to have met him again.

"Oh, sir!" he went on in a most earnest voice, "for me that day was your most wonderful service, for that day was your kindest offer of assistance. It was only a little act; but, sir, that little act saved me from being a murderer."

I was naturally much surprised at such an announcement, and became greatly interested in the story, but he continued.

"I had intended, sir, in the bitterness of my soul, to have revenge on that dog of a conductor. In fact, my mind had already been fully made up to bury the heavy hamper I had with me in his head. But your kind words, breaking some mortals in my dark, gloomy feelings, arrested my unworthy purpose. I was ashamed—but I determined to show myself a man, and kept back the mad impulse that was gaining its control over me. I did it, sir, and I am a free man to-day: God bless you!" I shall never forget it."

My heart was too full for reply. I extended my hand, and as the unrestrained tears sprang up in each other's eyes, we warmly clasped hands and parted. And as I walked away, I thought how sweet life would be if, without such ostentatious philanthropy, for which we sometimes have such an extravagant regard, we might begin to cultivate such a spirit of kindly forbearance and helpfulness, one toward another, that, as the human minutes of daily life go ticking fast away, we might have them filled up by just such little offerings of love and kindness.—Alexander H. Robbins.

An Adventure

On the Fast Freight

One day in my professional residence at Sedalia, Missouri, I had occasion to go to an adjacent town some miles distant. The engagement being very pressing, I could not wait for the regular passenger train, but was forced to make my way there in the caboose of the fast freight. There were several other gentlemen in the caboose when I boarded it. Among them I particularly observed one who appeared to be a carpenter, laboring under the burden of a heavy bag of tools.

It happened that on one side of the caboose stood a tub of fat, oily refuse, no doubt, for oiling the wheels and parts of the common freight machinery. The atmosphere was very warm, this oily matter had melted and become very sloppy. During the progress of the journey, the carpenter shifted his position from one side of the tub to the other, very unfortunately stumbled over this tub of melted grease, splashing a large part over the clean floor of the caboose. He lamented the accident very sorrowfully, and proceeded, with a few old sacks that were lying in one corner to correct the mischief as quickly as possible.

At that moment, however, the conductor or the train came in. The carpenter stammered out some apologies; but the conductor, a hot-tempered man, flared up in an instant at the sight of that monstrous grease spot on an immaculate floor. He leaped upon the unfortunate carpenter such a torrent of the vilest abuse that it causes an involuntary shudder even now as I recollect it.

At the next station the carpenter signified his intention of getting off. He appeared to be very weak, and his countenance showed an unusual paleness, whether on account of the sultry condition of the atmosphere or the fierce onslaught of that brutal conductor I was not then in a position to know. At any rate, prompted by a desire to do something positive, I went up to that conductor as the train was slowing up, and in a kindly manner, offered to assist him and his heavy burden from the steep platform. He looked at me with a most peculiar look of surprise, which, since he said nothing, I immediately construed into an acceptance of my services.

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Amongst the Fire Worshippers in India.

By LIEUT-COL ALICE LEWIS.

DURING my somewhat short stay in India, the conversion of the Parsees (Fire Worshippers) was laid strongly upon my heart, and in response to much entreaty on their behalf, in a remarkable manner God opened up the way for me to do some Gospel pioneering work amongst them.

The Parsees are a wealthy and haughty race. We held such of their number as embrace the Christianity of Christ. They are absolutely and literally out-casted from the deepest and most sacred ties of relationship.

They have, however, some naturally beautiful qualities, and perhaps the following brief incidents, culled from among a unique experience, will illustrate why we yearned, by the help of God, to draw aside the veil of mystery and illusion, and see them rejoicing in the full light and love of a Saviour's pardoning grace.

Prayers with a Parsee Elder.

Quite early one morning my comrade and myself found ourselves in an elegantly-furnished apartment in孟买, awaiting the entrance of a Parsee Elder.

The door opened and we walked three-sweet-looking Parsee girls. They formed a pretty and fascinating picture, as half-nobly, and yet with ill-concealed coquetry, they suited in Eastern fashion the two fair-faced girls who, dressed like themselves, had called upon them.

Our Elder was one of the three. She spoke perfect English, and we were soon in the midst of an interesting discussion on the work of the Salvation Army in India. Many and interesting were the questions they asked, and in conclusion, I was invited to write an article on the late Mrs. General Booth, for publication in their paper that had a circulation amongst Parsees the wide world over.

We hastened to part, when, as was my custom everywhere in India, no matter what the caste or creed, I asked if we might pray before we said good-bye.

A startled look crossed the features of the girls, but summoning up courage, the Elder consented.

It was a sight ever to be remembered. Those three girls of grace and talent, having so much, and yet in need of the love of a soul - like the imperishable truth of Jesus and His Word. With arms entwined around each other's wrists, with serious looks, full of almost strained interrogation, they stood there as we two knelt to pray.

A Divine influence hallowed the touching episode. God was surely wondering.

fully present in our midst. And as we ended a burning request to our personal Saviour that He would flush into the hearts of those dear girls His spirit of truth and revelation, we heard timidly and softly whispered across the room from the lips of our listeners an earnest and resolute "Amen!"

In the Home of the Upper Class.

Sometimes I had to visit alone. On such an occasion, I made my way to the superb and palatial bungalow on Maina Hill, of one of the wealthiest Parsee Domes. It was entered into an extraordinarily large reception room, furnished for visitors regardless of cost. Almost every phase of art was elaborately represented there.

Having to wait a while, I had ample time to make mental notes. I observed that in the rear of the room were several small rooms screened off by exquisitely carved shutters. I must have been waiting fully a half-hour, when one of these shutters was slowly opened and there issued forth a Parsee girl in statue and build. From his clasped hands there hung a string of Oriental beads, while around his waist was the Parsee's triple cord, showing their trinity of doctrines — (good thoughts, good words, good deeds.)

As the Parsee approached me he apologized for detaining me by saying "he had been at his prayers." He gave me a most patient and courteous hearing, thanked me for the Salvation Army, for the work it was doing in India, and handed me a liberal donation towards our social work there.

The Parsee Mode of Funeral.

How vague are their ideas of a future life. I have studied their written works and have conversed with their people. They told me frankly that their women prayed in a tongue the meaning of which they did not know. They rely entirely upon their own merits, and around all their brightest and best intelligence is woven the shadow of the unknown.

I have stood in their burial grounds, the famous Towers of Silence, and have shuddered whilst one of the best known Parsees of the city explained how they bury their dead.

The corpse is laid upon a stretcher and carried to the cemetery, followed by a few of the nearest relatives. Within so many feet of the Tower, the body is taken by the cemetery attendants and put through an iron door on to a sort of grid-iron inside the Tower. The attendants then cover the body of skinning off the hair (which they handle with white-gloved hands), and then wait until the first vulture swoops down through the open-topped Tower and plucks an eye from the dead face. Then they retire outside, till the friend whose eye was plucked first, (as a great deal of significance about the future depends upon this important fact), leaving the vultures to do their awful work. By-and-by the body is slowly drawn through the bars right down into the lime-lined pits beneath, where the waves of the sea rush constantly in and carry the whitened bones out into its depths.

The dead is reckoned unclean, and therefore must not defile the elements of

fire, earth, air, or water. Hence this, to us, revolting putting away of those gone before.

In the Castle of a Baronet.

I had been instructed to see a Parsee Baronet about our work. One day, therefore, we drove up to his grand looking castle. I was rather surprised at the comparative insignificance of the exterior, and also the building seemed so massive. However, we alighted and walked inside the door, when, to our confusion, we were immediately surrounded by quite a large number of Parsee women, young, middle-aged, and old. Both in English and Gujarathi, they bombarded us with some rather awkward questions, as, for instance, "Were we married?" and "How many children have you?" and so on.

We were feeling extremely embarrassed when a messenger arrived to say we had driven to the wrong door, and that the Baronet and his mother were waiting us at the castle.

(We subsequently found out that we had entered the Dowager house, where the Dowager widows of various generations resided together at the expense of the head of the family, the Baronet next door.)

We were cordially received and an account of our work invited. We utilized every opportunity of bringing in the sublime truths and principles of our God. A magnificent Grand Piano was in the apartment, and the Baronet asked me to sing one of our little Army songs. With trembling heart, and with a prayer on my lips that the effort put forth in weakness might be blessed and used of God, I sang in the Gujarathi language that glorious song—

"Just as I am, without one plea."

It was with glad hallelujahs in our hearts no comrade and I spontaneously bade farewell, reflecting that we had been so privileged as to walk through the lofty castle on wings of holy song, such messages of Divine yearning and inspiration.

Not always were we thus received but the tokens of appreciation out of regard for our lofty Hindu garb and our chosen native habits, were amply sufficient to encourage us forward in spreading a knowledge of Jesus and His power to save amongst the Fire Worshippers of Bombay.

Social Secretary's Notes.

We were pleased to note that the officers of the St. John's Slum Corps, for the month of June, visited :

157 families.

14 schools.

64 sick and dying persons.

Surely the Saviour will say to these dear officers, "I was sick and ye visited Me."

* * *

Things are looking up at the Lifeboat, Toronto, under Capt. King. I found that for the month of June, 1,275 beds were supplied, and 28 applicants for employment were registered.

* * *

But of course the Lighthouse, at Montreal, with more accommodation, does better than the Lifeboat does the following high figures for the month of June : 2,370 beds & 9,948 meals supplied, and 23 found employment through the labor bureau. Ensign Collier is in charge.

* * *

We have received the first reports from Danwon City Shelter and Woolyard. Adj't Frank Morris, the officer in charge of the work there, reports very favorably.

* * *

The following are some of the results of the work accomplished in the different institutions throughout the Territory for the month of June :

7,947 beds supplied.

16,431 meals supplied.

187 men have been found employment.

72 spiritual meetings have been held.

And there were four Shelters to be heard from. This and much better will do.

J. S. PUGMIRE,
Social Secretary.



"These ducks keep calling out : ' Walk-walk ! ' Why, ye foolish fowl, be content to ride in the wagon. If I would let you walk the five miles to the barracks there would be little fat left on your backs, and you would fetch only a poor price for Harvest Festival."

31 Prisoner's Poem.

By JNO. W. COGHILLAN.

I am a Deer Lodge prisoner,
But always glad to tell
Of His Whose love is with me,
He saves from the gates of hell ;
Well pleased His captive to be
For love, His love, consumeth me.

No bolts, no bars, I never see,
No stripes or fettters know,
My prison cell is radiant fair,
His peace, His presence's everywhere ;
I took through God's own eyes of light,
He changed them when He gave me sight.

I'm never weary, never sad,
I'll tell you why it's so,
My Saviour's arm I'm leaning on,
He leads to the land of angel's song ;
That's why I'm soaring on His wing,
He is my Shepherd, Priest and King.

I look through grated windows,
And see the beautiful snow,
Scattered o'er dale and mountain,
Whilst gazing on this earthly sight,
My soul drinks in the heavenly light.

Oh ! what nights of peaceful slumber
I with my Saviour dwell,
The quiet of the多万 over us,
Seeing all is well ;
That's why I have no fear of night,
I keep my armour clean and bright.

Before I knew my Saviour
I was in a prison thrown,
Then I fought in Satan's army,
With the will of a frenzied clown ;
The shackles of sin were bolted tight,
One stroke of God's banner, and all
was right.

My comrades of former days, beware,
Lest a fate like mine be your lot to share,
Enter the ark while the door stands wide,
Escape for your life from the tempest and tide ;
Let the King of kings your captain be,
There's a crown in heaven for you and me.

In Emmanuel's armour be fully clothed,
Go, gird on faith's shield and the
Spirit's sword,
Rive thy breastplate close and tight,
And shoe thy feet with the Gospel's light ;
Then bind thy loins with truth so fair,
And salvation's helmet thy brow will wear.

To the breeze let the Gospel's banner wave,
Go equipped thy brother's soul to save,
Follow thy Saviour brave and strong,
He'll lead to battle with His warriors' song ;
Prove thy tried weapons against the foe,
When the victory's won thy trumpet blow.

THE DATES FOR THE Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY
ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th,
INCLUSIVE.



The poor, the starving, the homeless, the suffering children of the street,
all cry out to you to give your share out of your stores and harvest-
ings, which you have reaped by the blessing of God, to bless with
it your less fortunate fellow-men.

In my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did not with unabashed forehead won
The menu of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly. —Shakespeare.

GAZETTE.

Promotion—

Capt. Thorkildson, to be ENSIGN.

Appointments—

ADT. SMITH to take charge of the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

ENSIGN THORKILDSON to assist in the Indian work on the coast of British Columbia.

Capt. Rowe, late of the C. O. P., to his District Financial Special in the Montreal District.

EVANGELIC C. BOOTH.
Field Commissioner.



"In Everything Give Thanks."

Such is the exhortation of Paul, and such devout men have preached and practised throughout the ages. We are supposed to thank the Lord daily for his innumerable benefits, but there are seasons when we have special opportunities, and can do it in a practical manner and most suitably. Harvest Festival is the most appropriate of seasons for rejoicing and thanking God for His mercies by blessing those less favored than ourselves, and by supporting such efforts that are put forth to advance the interests of the Kingdom of Heaven. We do the planting and cultivating, but God giveth the increase. Let us recognize this, whether we are tillers of the ground or toilers of the shop. It is the blessing of God that mysteriously multiplies the handful of meal and the remnant of oil in the curse of the widow. And it is the curse of God that blights every hope and scatters the ill-gotten wealth of the wicked. Let us, therefore, give willingly in kind of the direct or indirect fruits of our labor, and so make this Harvest Festival a real Thanksgiving Season, a rejoicing in the Lord, a bringing in of the tithes, a gleaming time for the Ruths of society, and the occasion of a jubilee in heaven over a harvest of souls.

The S. A. Exhibition.

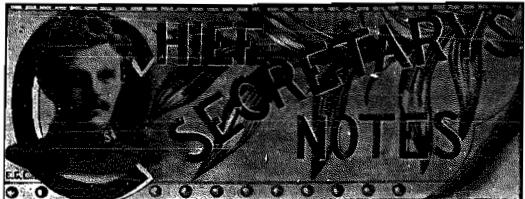
The Great Salvation Army Exhibition, recently held in the Agricultural Hall, London, has been a unique success. It has brought the multitudes in touch with all phases of Salvation Army work, it has been a gigantic object lesson to every visitor, it has won the sympathy of many indifferent or hostile persons, and has proved a great impetus to our own soldiers and officers. We shall endeavor to describe briefly the main features of the Exhibition in our H. F. War Cry.

The Chief Secretary
AT THE COAST.

(Special)

The Chief Secretary's Pacific tour has been a grand success all through. Hot reception everywhere. Wedding at Spokane. Great open-air demonstration at Rossland. Met at Vancouver by Indian Band from the North. Excellent meetings, Souls.

HOWELL.



I have just returned from the West. It was only a hurried visit, principally on business, with 23 meetings thrown in. How many times was I asked, "What do you think of the West?" Well, I really could not state the exact number. The Salvation Army, its present and future, is the question that interested me most, and as the crowds are going West thousands of people every year pouring into it, and there is still room for thousands more—my opinion is, we have not heard the last of the great North-West.

At Winnipeg our highest ambitions were reached, as far as the meetings were concerned. Crowds were good, and soldiers were enthusiastic for souls. Arrangements were made for the erection of a new barracks. Adjt. Kerr has arrived, and great things are expected of him. Everybody looks likely for a grand harvest of souls.

We had the privilege of being present at two officers' councils. What a chance these North-West officers have! How the angels would like to take their places and pioneer the Salvation Army in that great country. May these officers be faithful to the great God-given opportunity.

We were sorry to find Major McMinn anything but well; however, some arrangements were made for him to have a rest, which, I trust, will prove very beneficial to him.

My next stop was Lethbridge, after 24 hours' run, passing through the beautiful wheat fields of Manitoba. If I mistake not a bountiful harvest is in store for the farmers. This should make the Harvest Festival a grand success. All along the thought impressed me, the goodness of God in giving the wealth to the nations: without the free air, sun and rain would not be worth a dollar. May we be more thankful and recognize in Him the Author and Giver of every good gift.

Lethbridge is a nice little flourishing town with plenty of fresh air, plenty of room for growing beautiful prairies all round, and beautiful S. A. corps. The principal indoor meeting was held. We had a very encouraging meeting and received the greatest kindness from the officers and soldiers. Capt. Mitchell and Leut. Wicks hold the fort.

Now for some mountains. We start at 5:30 a.m. to go over the new Crows' Nest Pass Railway. I am no good at describing scenery, it is not in my line. Hour after hour we go around, along the side, up, over, and down the mountain. Towns are already sprouting up. We passed by Fernie and Cranbrook. Someone ought to deed a piece of land free to the Army in both of these new towns. Let it be on a front street and not up in the mountain where it is hard to reach.

We arrived at Nelson next day. Brigadier Howell meets us here. We have at Nelson a very nice brass band, a good-sized corps. I enjoyed the very large open-air meeting, also the good meeting inside, with some souls seeking God. The comrades are busy with a building scheme. I think our visit will considerably help them to a successful termination. Adjt. Woodruff and Capt. Bonnetto are in charge.

Rossland was all alive the day of our arrival, being Trades' Union Day. We have not heard the last of Rossland yet. Our work has been hindered for want of Indians and barracks. We held our meetings in the street, a temporary platform had been erected. The city gives a much more solid look, or "come-to-stay appearance" than is generally supposed. The corps is building a new barracks, comprising a large hall, Junior hall, off-

ers' quarters, etc. Capt. Haas and Quant are pushing it in red-hot style.

—X—

Looking over the mountains at first it may be considered a little out of the question to be able to have a Harvest Festival. However, I think it would be with regards to a harvest of wheat and fruit. The harvest of the mountains is not golden grain, but gold, silver, copper, etc. They were placed there by an All-wise Creator; therefore let us recognize it, and render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's.

—X—

Spokane, the Headquarters of the Pacific, is salvation all alive. We have here a good corps, a Rescue Home, and Men's Shelter. I stayed here for two days. We had very successful meetings. The prospects are excellent for a good future. Staff-Capt. Gatz is fast becoming a Westerner: he likes the West and the West likes him.

—X—

Our finish up was at the coast cities, Victoria and Vancouver. Our visit to the former was very short, owing to some important re-arrangements we had to make. I spent the Sunday at Vancouver. Ensign Lester in charge. Staff-Captain Galt was introduced as

the District Officer of the Coast District, with Headquarters at Victoria. The crowds were good, a very nice influence prevailed all the meetings. There were some seekers at the Mercy Seat.

Adjt. Robt. Smith and Ensign Thorkildson was dedicated to the Indian Work, and has sailed North for the purpose of pushing the claims of God among that race. We had the assistance of the Indian Band on Sunday.

NOW READY!

"LIFE OF JOHN READ."

Biography of the late Brigadier Read, written by Mrs. Read, who has endeavored to make the book not only a worthy memorial of a faithful character, but a true portrayal of a typical Army officer's life.

The book will be the size of Mrs. Booth's "Popular Christianity," about 200 pages, and is of two qualities—the first bound in the best English cloth, with gilt lettering on the cover; the second with a real good paper cover. The paper will be exceptionally fine. There will be a good frontispiece picture of Brigadier Read, never before published, and a special memorial song and music, with a small sketch of his last resting place in Abuoy Park.

The price has been set at the lowest possible figure, 50 cents for the cloth and 30 cents for the paper. The profits will be devoted to the Rescue Work. In the United States the price will be 60 cents and 40 cents, owing to import duties.

Order at once from Brigadier Mrs. Read, James St., Toronto.

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S TOUR

Colonel Jacobs Visits the Pacific Province—A Most Successful and Enjoyable Tour—Our Western Troops Delighted with the Visit of the Colonel—A Wedding at Spokane—Indian Brass Band Meets the Colonel at Vancouver.

By BRIGADIER HOWELL.

W e hailed with delight the announcement of the Chief Secretary's Pacific tour, and looked forward with pleasure to his arrival at Nelson, B. C., a city of growing importance.

Here we have a splendid corps and a fine band. The P. O. went up the Kootenai Lake to meet our worthy Colonel. He received a warm welcome from both the P. O. and the Western mosquitoes, who seemed delighted to meet him on the boat.

The meetings Saturday night and all day Sunday were grand in every respect. Everybody was charmed with the Colonel's visit.

Excellent meetings Saturday night and Sunday. The C. S. did a good stroke for God and the Army in the Kootenai. His straight talks went home and many remarked he was a good sample of H. Q. Staff.

July 27th, the day of the Colonel's visit to Rossland, happened to be Miners' Union Day, perhaps the most important day of the year in this part of the world. The rustling Captain of the Rossland corps was up to date, and had obtained permission from the Mayor and arranged a great open-air demonstration. The street was almost blocked and the Colonel received a rousing welcome from the soldiers and citizens of that lively city. The C. S. was much impressed with the supply of ice cream soda, at two bits a dish.

Treasurer Bauer welcomed the Colonel on behalf of the soldiers and citizens. This visit was a grand success.

After a long, thirsty ride on the S. F. and N. Ry., we arrived at Spokane, the S. A. seat of government for the Pacific Province. Adjt. Stevens had made excellent arrangements for the event. Here

the C. S. met some old and new comrades, who gave him a hearty welcome. Adjt. Stevens, Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd, Ensign and Mrs. Alward and Mother Langtry all took part. An interesting ceremony took place. During the Chief's visit Bro. Vaughan and Sister Green were married under the Flag. Everybody knows the Colonel's ability on such occasions as this. Everything went off in splendid order. Spokane people fell in love with our honored Colonel.

Another flying visit to Rossland, then on to the coast. Victoria gave the distinguished visitor a fitting reception. His stay was very short but he enjoyed his visit.

And now comes Vancouver, the enterprising city of British Columbia. We were surprised to find the Indian brass band here to meet the C. S., whose visit to the coast was on their account. They were highly delighted to find that at last their cry for help had been heard and officers are now sent to them.

The Colonel was charmed with the state of the corps and social institution. He eulogized the officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd, Ensign Lester and Captain Dutchie, for the work done. The mechanics here were tried in lessening to officers, soldiers and people alike. The Colonel left an excellent impression behind him. The crowds and marches were all that could be desired. The C. S. was ably assisted by Staff-Capt. Galt at Nelson and Vancouver. She caught on fine at both places, and I can assure you receive a warm reception from her B. C. officers and soldiers. We predict for her a grand run of success on the coast.

Adjt. Smith and Ensign Thorkildson took part in the meetings at Vancouver. Our worthy comrades are appointed to come west to bring the Indians up north. The Colonel seemed very much pleased with his visit. We were delighted with his presence. The P. O. found him a great help while he was passing through deep waters of affliction. God bless the C. S.!

**Mrs. Griffith, of Toronto,
SAINT AND SOLDIER,
Promoted to Glory July 28th,
1889.**

"I WATCHED a sail until it dropped from sight
Over the bounding sea. A gleam of white,
A last far-fetched farewell, and like to thought,
Slept out of mind, it vanished and was not.

Yet, to the helmsman standing at the wheel,
Broad sea still stretched before the gliding keel.
Disaster? Change? He felt no slightest sign.
Nor drearied he of that dim horizon line.

So may it be, perchance, when down the tide
Our dear ones vanish. Peacefully they glide
On level seas, nor mark the unknown bound,
We call it death—to them 'tis life beyond."



MRS. GRIFFITH,
Of the Temple Corps, Toronto.

These beautiful thoughts upon the passing away of the soul seem singularly appropriate to one whose summons has been a sudden one, and they flashed through our mind on hearing of the midnight call which bade the warrior-spirit of her whose name heads these lines farewell to earth's service for crowning in heaven.

We always knew that her hold upon life was frail, but that his brittle thread should have been snapped without warning sent a stab of sorrow through the wide circle of officers, soldiers and friends who knew and loved our comrade.

One hot July night her officer children went down to the Toronto wharf to meet their mother, who had been spending a few days with an old friend across the lake. "I never knew another so bright for mind," was said afterwards. "She both looked and spoke stronger than for a long time."

It was after 10 before they reached home, and then her cheerful chit kept them sitting up for a good time later. At half-past twelve, feeling a sudden strange sense stealing over her, Mrs. Griffiths called her daughter. During the acute paroxysms of pain which followed, only one consent was won was audible: "Oh, let me go home!"

Before dawn came to the one last struggle was over, and death power and honor richer by one warrior soul.

The sorrow of the children left behind was great when the reality of their sudden loss descended upon them, yet in their bitterest moment they could not grieve for her to whom their loss meant such infinite gain. She had had no weary suffering in her life, often a weary frame was racked by agony and prostrated with weakness to which it seemed she must submit, and those watching grew pale with the apprehension that she was about to leave them. At the last seemed as though God's voice had whispered, "It is enough," and with one brief spasm taken her to the land where all weariness is soothed away and pain is never known.

The funeral was a testimony to the wide respect and affection in which our

comrade was held. The memorial conducted by Mrs. Colonel Margetts, an old and intimate friend at the Temple, was a memorable service. The march which followed yet perhaps more so, Over 300 people made up the long procession which included Staff and Field Officers of all ranks and soldiers from all over. The United States band played 30 or 40 pieces. The six women bearers, distinguished by white sashes, walked just in the rear of the bearers. They were Major Stewart, and members of the League of Morey, of which Mrs. Griffith was a devoted member.

The floral offerings and other expressions of sympathy were profuse. The Field Commissioner's message, by wire, was touching in its tender promise to guide and comfort those left behind.

When we reached the quiet Army encamping ground at Mount Pleasant the evening was dark, but here as we have ever seen that was mortal of our soldier-sister into its last resting-place, the rays of the setting sun burst in brilliance upon the large crowd, fit emblem of the life which though lost to sight, had risen to everlasting radiance in the skies.

To write a character-sketch of dear Mrs.

Griffith we must read the patience in which she constantly manifested, and the letters of loving service which she has inscribed upon hundreds of hearts. Hers was a life which, though necessarily shut by sickness from front rank fight, went about doing good—works won spiritual salvation which deeds could be declared "perfect through suffering."

She leaves her best memorial in her children, everyone of whom are given to God and the Flag. Two are Staff Officers of the Territorial Headquarters, one a Captain in the States, and the youngest daughter a Candidate for the Field.

Her one ambition for them was the battle, and for this she trained them. Speaking one day to the writer, some months before her death, her worn, white face lit up with a heavenly joy as she said, "Oh, God has been more than good to me. All my children are His, and to me, bless His Name, they are all under the same flag."

In the lesson of what a mother's influence may do, our comrade, though dead, is yet speaking, and many who learn it will yet rise up to join those who call her blessed.

be heard five different nationalities each singing in their own language in perfect harmony.

XXXXXX

Hotel-keepers proved to be very kind to the Staff-Captain on his tour west, lending their rooms for meetings, etc., something that has never been done before.

SWEDEN.

Great and far-reaching preparations are being made to bring the public together under the blessed influence of the General's preaching during his stay here. Besides the influence for good that thousands of officers and soldiers that travel to hear the General, will accomplish by dealing with souls on their journey in cars and on boats.

XXXXXX

This the Commissioner has specially requested should be done.

XXXXXX

Major Sundin has lately inspected our social institutions in Norrköping. Business there is lively. Between 500 and 600 meals served daily. The yard adjoining the steam kitchen is being prepared to accommodate guests who wish to take their meals in the open air, which will be agreeable to those working in close shops all day.

XXXXXX

About 250 officers will change homes at the Congress.

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At last report all but 2,000 Kr. has been collected for the new Rescue Home in Stockholm.

XXXXXX

SOUTH AFRICA.

Brigadier Maidment has been very well.

XXXXXX

Brigadier and Mrs. Barratt have farewelled and sailed for England recently.

XXXXXX

It rained rather refreshingly when we are seeing a cool retreat from the heat, that South Africa is indulging in a special Winter War Cry.

XXXXXX

The African party for the S. A. Expedition, left on the "Garth Castle." Ensign Bradley is in charge, and has a native contingent of four men and one woman.

Harvest Festival.

SPECIAL MEETINGS

Will be Conducted on

Sunday, August 27th,
as follows:

Lippincott—Lt. Col. Margetts,
St. Catharines—Brig. Gaskin,
Temple—Brigadier Pugmire.
Newmarket—Mrs. Read.
Barrie—Major Collier.
Richmond St.—Staff-Captain Creighton.

Cobourg—Staff-Capt. Manton.
Yorkville—Adjutant Wiseman.
Oshawa—Adjutant Adams.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

Will visit

LISGAR ST., on Sunday, Aug. 20th.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

The Special

HARVEST
FESTIVAL
WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary Price.

DON'T MISS IT!



UNITED STATES.

Commander Booth-Tucker has just concluded an extensive trip through the Territory, which has resulted in all-round triumph.

XXXXXX

During the absence of the Commander and Chief Secretary, the Consul has put in an exceptionally busy time at National Headquarters.

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Staff-Capt. Lamb has been appointed to secretary assist Brigadier Chandler in his Training Superintendence.

XXXXXX

The following are some of the Centrally Targets of the United States :
100 New Cities to be opened.
300 Corps to be added.
300 Outposts to be added.
30,000 additional Seating Accommodation.

10,000 additional Soldiers and Recruits to be enrolled.

5,000 Field and Local Officers to be added, including 700 additional Field Officers and Cadets, 1,000 Corps Officers and Cadets, 500 envys, 2,300 Local Officers, 100 Company Guards, 10,000 additional Junior Company attendants.

10,000 additional Weekly Accommodation in Social Institutions.
10,000 additional Circulation of Weekly Papers.

20 New Citadels, Divisional Headquarters and Social Institutions.
\$50,000 Century Fund to be raised—the same being dedicated to work among the heathen and special branches of work in the U. S.

The opening of the Colored work in the South and the establishment of our work in Cuba and the Philippines will probably also commemorate the Century Advance.

XXXXXX

A Sale of Work for the benefit of the San Francisco Children's Home netted about \$250. XXXXXX

Mrs. Colonel Higgins has had a most successful Sale of Work in Cleveland, O., U. S. A., for the Rescue Home. A lady gave \$100 to start the proceedings.

XXXXXX

Commander Booth-Tucker had a narrow escape during a recent railway accident. The train in which he was speeding towards Silver Lake Camp collided with freight train. The former which broke out spread and broke, while differently three of the untouched cars were detached and saved. The Commander escaped unhurt and aided in the removal of rescuing the dead and dying, refusing to leave with the relief train, in order to be of service while service was required. The fatalities were two persons killed and thirty injured.

The Silver Lake, N. Y., Camp Meetings have proved a great hit. The crowds have been immense, meetings powerful, and over seventy people have sought salvation.

XXXXXX

The Commander and Colonel Higgins have been conducting some triumphant meetings at St. Paul and Minneapolis.

THE BRITISH ISLES.

Sir Walter Besant and a party visited the Farm Colony the other day, and, under the leadership of Commissioners Cadman and Colonel Barker (Colonel Lamb being unavoidably absent), toured round. To say all were delighted and expressed satisfaction is the very mildest report; triple its intensity, and you'll be nearer the mark.

XXXXXX

Liverpool is likely to have a Social institution of its own before long. Mr. George Scott, Staff Officer, was instructed to find a suitable building. A most centrally-situated, spacious property, with commanding front, is the result. The main terms are agreed, and, probably, by the time this meets the eye of the reader we shall have acquired that which has been so long sought for in this busy, populous, and needy city.

ICELAND.

The Travellers' Home in Reykjavik has proved a great blessing and a help to the poor and needy. From the 1st of May, 1898, to the 1st of May, 1899, 3,500 beds have been supplied and 2,810 meals served.

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The officers teach school, besides their other duties, and in that way get hold of the children, also the help and sympathy of the parents.

XXXXXX

Staff-Capt. Bryson, who is in charge of the work, has just been on a tour to Isaford, a little town on the west coast of the island. He held several successful meetings on board ship, and reports wonderful times.

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The Staff-Captain, on his tour, held over 13 meetings, got over 70 new subscribers for the War Cry and sold 550 copies, and had a wonderful time spiritually.

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Open-air meetings are well attended, some hundreds of people listening to the Gospel, the Army being the first to preach in the open air in that country.

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On a Sunday night recently might

Pillars of Salt.

It stood about a stone's throw from the main road, down a little side street, like a deserted fort—the Army Barracks. A comrade officer and I were passing through the village, and we went down the side street to see the barracks. As the doors were locked, we picked up a piece of board and put it up against the building, and climbed up to look through the window. The glass had long since disappeared; the interior looked very familiar, like the interior of many an Army barracks. Facing us was the platform, the bunks in their place and the hand-rail where the Captain had stood. The colors were resting in one corner and the drum all ready to be beaten. It would seem as though but last night the crowd had been there, and the Captain had pleaded with sinners, and the drummer beat his drum, and prayer and singing had filled the hall, and the Army had served them since that had been the case. The town had gone back from a commercial standpoint. The railway did not pass through, as had been expected, and the houses were many of them vacant. And, because of these things, the Army had been compelled to withdraw. There were several denominations there before them, and to build on another man's foundation was not our policy.

But to me that old deserted Army barracks has always and again come to my thoughts, one of the sad sights of my life. It stands to me like Lot's wife, a cold, dead pillar of salt that had once been full of fire and life, like a lighthouse deserted, with no living soul to light its lamps; like the backslider, with only the memory of what he used to be, and the stinging thought "What I might have been."

I meet them in their home, and the greeting is unintentionally constrained, lacking the old-time frankness and freedom, and so gradually our hearts wax toward the other as we pray and talk of God's dealings with us, comes the story:

"I used to be a Captain in the Army—but. Oh well, with the flight of years, there come changes; but those were good old days. Such good times as we did have. I remember the night I helped poor old Bill, drunk as usual, to the penitent form. He is one of your soldiers to-day. And Harriet Jane, to the surprise of the town, got saved. Yes, this is me as we looked over the photos and came to one in full Salvation Army uniform when I was transferred at S—"

"And how are you in your soul today, comrade?" we ask, our hearts getting heavier every moment, as we gaze upon this pillar of salt and realize what a power for good and the Army he had once been.

"Oh, well; you know I met with my husband (or wife). No, he was not saved; but I mean to win him for God and the Army. He don't quite approve of the Army, or, you know, some of the people who are in the Army. I'm not as good as I used to be. I try, but it is not the same," etc., etc.

We urge that Jesus is the same, and the Army the same, if only our own spirit is the same. But life and hope seem to be dead, and a weary shake of the head and a sigh is the only response.

Of course, it is not always the same cause that brought about the backslider experience: perhaps it was



Mother.—"Now Johnny, you go on and feed them there chickens at once, and feed them well. I don't want to give none of your skin and feather

things to the Lord. No, indeed, none but the best will do for the Harvest Thanksgiving Offering."

some difference or dispute with a comrade, or the strain of long-continued temptation, or a fierce fire of opposition, or a long, hard fight where patience, where heroic endurance, should have stood the strain. Any way, the backsliders turned and looked back, and the light that was in them became darkness, and how great was that darkness.

"Who is the sweet-faced girl in the Army dress, with the tambourine, as we turn over the leaves in the album? Her face is pure and sweet, and her hair smoothly brushed back off her forehead. The whole effect is that of earnestness and holy ambition. This was Sister G— now Miss G— She was used to be one of our best soldiers. She had a wonderful influence in the town. Everyone expected she would be an officer. But a friend (?) persuaded her one day that the Army was not the place for her. It was all right and good for the lower classes, but she could do a good work in one of the churches in town, and not wear and fear herself to death in the poor Salvation Army. So she thought it was reasonable, and did not stay long to pray about it. She is very stylish now, but the last time I was talking to her, she confessed her cold experience. She has lost her love for the fight and for the poor sinner. Just one more cold pillar, memory of what she used to be. Oh, my poor, backslidden sister or brother, there is nothing left for you to do but take up the Cross where you could not stand. Unless you do mighty fine works over again and repeat the silly likewise perchance. May the pitying Saviour breathe upon you and may His life be brought again into your soul. Oh, obey God; take heart again, have faith in God, and the old days will come back again. God bless you—from one who loves you, J. E. Ottawa, Ensign.

LIVING DOWN CONSEQUENCES.

The natural consequences of sin, or the consequences of an unnatural life, are not obliterated by God's forgiveness. The world in which we live is planned as an immense demonstration of the value of virtue and the folly and danger of vice. The results of sin; the scars of fire, the consequences of dishonesty, impurity, intemperance, unkindness, survive the moment of forgiveness and breed their brood—how long, who shall say? But forgiveness, which is a natural relation to God, however strained relation He is to us. We start afresh with Him, indeed, regarded as though nothing had happened, and a new set of consequences begins. The new life which God gives fights the consequences of the old. Wrongs are pulled up and stop seedling themselves, broken relations are repaired, old debts paid, and wrongs righted. Moral degeneration is arrested. The demonstration of God's law is made on the side of obedience through good, instead of bad, consequences. The soul with God which forsooth brings tends to abolish the results of sin. Christ came to save us from the works, the consequences, of the devil. Every scar from past days, every survival of the old, will feel humility; but we belong to the God of hope, and fight for Him for the triumph of the may and true, waiting for the promise, "I will restore to you the years which the locust hath eaten."

Notes by the N.W.T.F.S.

L. B. AGENTS, EYES THIS WAY!

Bro. Robt. Dunlop, of Lethbridge, comes in first this quarter, even taking the laurels from Winnipeg, by getting \$14.94 in advance. Lethbridge did \$30 and Winnipeg \$28.51.

Now the question is, Will Lethbridge keep ahead? They did immense this quarter, and have a similar congratulation of the T.P.S. Group, and our kind comrades who helped us out. God bless both my agents at Lethbridge. Moose Jaw's returns came in too late for this quarter. They will be reported next, though I must say that Lethbridge gained the victory over them, though Bro. Middaugh, of Moose Jaw, has the work at heart his friends failed him. G oddless both my agents at Lethbridge and Moose Jaw; I wish I had a hundred more like them.

Bro. Gill, of Winnipeg, who has done so nobly, we are sorry to lose, but we will watch how he gets on through the Cry.

Jamestown (two collections), Midway, Edmonton, Brandon, Calgary, Morden and Valley City did this time respectively \$8.29, \$7. \$6.69, \$5.36, \$4.81 and \$4.02.

God bless the agents for these places. They helped all the Province, and we trust will advance nicely next time.

Midway, under Mrs. Swain, deserved special mention, as it is a very small place and she did so nicely. One secret she is collected on the train. Edmonton, Brandon, Morden and Calgary's boxes have been out two quarters. Morden is without an agent, which is too bad. Capt. Brandson comes to my help, however, very kindly.

Neepawa, Emerson, Selkirk, and Prince Albert did \$3.63, \$2.55, \$2.25 and \$3.01 respectively. Neepawa, Emerson and Selkirk had boxes out two quarters.

Moosomin (two collections), Minnedosa and Virden did \$2.82, \$2.22, and \$2.00 respectively.

Onkaw, Lisbon and Minot did over \$1 each, while other corps did lesser amounts.

To each and all L. A.'s the T. F. S. says, "God bless you!" I have learned to love the locals and am trusting for a nice advance next quarter. Wait and see what the Western friends are able to do.

The total this quarter was \$126.88. Some corps come in too late, consequently did not help to swell our total higher. Take warning for next time.—C. A. Perry, T. F. S.

Misfortune.

Socrates was of opinion, that if we laid all our adversities and misfortunes in one common heap, with this condition, that each one should carry out an equal portion, most men would be glad to take up their own again.—Plutarch.

THE DATES FOR THE

Harvest Thanksgiving Festival

THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY
ARE FROM

August 26th to 29th,
(INCLUSIVE).

HUSTLERS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

A Weekly Peep at our Devoted "War Cry"
Boomers and What They Have to Say.

[IV.—Sister White, Houlton, Maine.

In selling War Crys I find it the most profitable way to start praying

God will make me a blessing, and have such as manum object in view. When I go in this way He helps me to sell my papers. In meeting many different kinds of people, I make it a rule to be kind and interested in them all. Often when I meet a number of men together, I look and judge who is the most likely to buy, then I go to that man first, and, as a general rule, the rest will follow his example. I love to go into all places and do all I can in any way for my dear Savion. Who has done so much for me.—Emily White.

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V.—Sergt. Case, Hamilton I.

Bro. Case is a typical Englishman, a War Cry boomer. He believes in being out and-out for God and is well known and respected on this account by his workmates at the smelting works, where he is employed. He has sold fifty War

Crys a week for a long time, and during a local competition among the boomers lately, he has sold some weeks over a hundred copies. Bro. Case has the honor of taking first prize in the competition referred to. These sales are not in mind well and effort on his part, in addition to his regular day work, but the blessing God gives him more than compensates for all the sacrifice.

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VI.—Sergt. Geo. Stanton, Hamilton I.

Sergt. Geo. Stanton, better known as "Uncle George," is an old warrior of the Cross, and has been fighting beneath the Army colors for nearly 15 years. Of the over a hundred soldiers of Hamilton I. corps, no one is better known or better loved than "Uncle George."

He is a man of few words, but ever ready with a cheery word and smile to encourage everyone he meets. He is feeling the infirmities of age and is unable to do the open-air in all weathers as he used, but he never misses kneecap and is seldom absent from an indoor meeting. He is a regular reader of the War Cry and dispenses of about 25 every week to regular customers, who are always glad to see him make his weekly call. Uncle George sings occasionally; his favorite solo is, "There's power in Jesus' Blood."

Lo: strength is of the plain root virtues born:
It is the offspring of the modest years.
The gift of sire to son through those firm laws

Which we name God's.

—George Meredith.



Sister Mrs. Watson (ex-Capt. Nichols), Calgary.



Ensign Habkirk, Port Arthur.

Nelson Inspired by the Chief Secretary's Visit.

NELSON, B.C.—On the 15th and 16th, we had with us Col. Jacobs, Brig. Howell, and Staff-Captain Galt, Government Buildings. On Saturday night there was a welcome extended to them by Band-maj'r Fins, on behalf of the band and corps, which, in my opinion, was done in good style. The Baptist minister welcomed them on behalf of the friends. The Baptist minister is a true friend of the Army. Your humble servant not being at knee-drill or holiness meeting, have to pass them by. Sunday afternoon meeting. Nearly a full house. In the evening it was grand. I never heard his equal, which is saying a good deal. The Colored read some verses from the first chapter of Jonah, beginning at the first verse. I think he passed over the seventh. He dealt it out to the people grand, and at the close two fell into the fountain. Praise the Lord. One was a backslidder, Staff-Captain Galt is a nice singer and give us two or three nice little talks. I would say to the Colonel and Staff-Captain, we extend to you a right royal welcome, and will be much pleased to have you with us again. We are preparing to build a new barracks, and when we get it erected we (the Salvation Army of Nelson) will have as nice a church as any of them. —M. S.

WINDSOR.—We have been having big times this part of the world since our last heard from us. Staff-Capt. Phillips has been back to Windsor this time to unite in the bands of holy matrimony. Bro. D. Ballantine and Sis. C. Keefer. We had a full house, and everything went off O.K. Among the speakers was Capt. McCutcheon, who was watching things very closely. Ensign and Mrs. McKenzie testified of being satisfied to live and work together, also the right-hand supporters of the marriage were present. Capt. and Mrs. Keefer, who have had just two weeks' experience of married life. Adj't and Mrs. Blackburn was all there with their testimony, and the bride and groom's speeches were short, but we shall hear more later. The Staff-Captain did his part well, and gave a very touching appeal to the sinners. After meeting the invited guests went to supper at the home of the bride. May God bless the united ones, and make them a blessing.—S. B.



Bandsman Watson, Calgary, N.W.T.



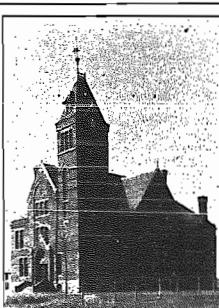
BUTTE.—On Sunday, July 16th, occurred the farewell services of Adj't and Mrs. Hay, who came to our city nine months ago. The Hays are tireless workers, and have the respect and goodwill not only of those who know them, but of all those who have heard of their diligent efforts. Under them each branch of the Army work now in operation in Butte has been reorganized and a strict Salvation Army system adopted.

The band officers were exceedingly proud of their work under the retiring leadership. On Sunday at 7.30 p.m. when the soldiers gathered at the new barracks at 263 South Main St., and after a short prayer service marched to Park Street, where a good open-air was held. The band does itself and the corps much credit. At the barracks where the meeting was continued, an interesting testimony meeting was conducted by Mrs. Hay. In behalf of the corps, the local secretary and treasurer each in earnest

ter. We have learned to love them for their humble and simple trust and obedience to the Divine will. Quite a number of souls have sought the Lord since they have been here. On Tuesday all the city corps united for the final farewell of the officers of this corps. Quite a big crowd in attendance. Ice cream served at close of the meeting, and the soldiers' meeting was a time of blessing and refreshment to the Lord. They go to Princeton from here. Friday night was a united meeting to welcome our future leaders in the war in this corps. Adj't John McLean and wife and Capt. Lamont, a very good meeting. I believe God is going to bless, and make them a great blessing to this corps. On Sunday grand meetings all day, commencing with a good knee-drill, and one soul in the fountain at night. Hallelujah!—Treas. C. B.

TILT COVE.—Everything looks bright and beautiful. On Saturday night we had a "sing-song." At the close we had the joy of seeing one soul come to the fountain. The singing was enjoyed by us all. Good crowds. People are interested in our meetings.—Lionard Smart for Ensign Gosling.

ST. GEORGE'S, B.C.—Capt. Bell, of the Hamilton Corps, was with us on Thursday night. Our string band gave us a selection. Everybody was pleased. Bro. Howe assisted Capt. Brechaut on Sunday night. Ltent. Young having gone to the Somerset Corps. The week ended with four souls at the Cross.—R. S. C.C.



Court House, Jamestown, N.D.

words, expressed appreciation of the work accomplished through Adj't Hay and his wife, adding kindly expressions of their gratitude for their spiritual helpfulness. Rev. Mr. Tonge, of the South Butte Presbytery Church, spoke at the close of his own service. Mr. Tonge is a resourceful worker himself, and a warm friend of the Army. Both the Adj't and Mrs. Hay spoke some choice farewell words. On leaving Butte, the officers will take a short furlough. The blessings of many Butt' friends follow them.—By an Outsider.

A Splendid Troupe.

THEDFORD—Big time last Wednesday night. We were favored with a visit from Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield and Corp. and Band of Love children from Petrolia. They gave us an entertainment which was appreciated and was much appreciated by everybody. To say they are lovely troupe is only putting it mild. Capt. Jarvis is hard at work putting up new quarters. Thus, Ford, R.C.

Back to the Fold Again.

CAMPBELLTON, N.B.—Our worthy financial special, Ensign Andrews, has spent a week-end with us. Saturday night's lantern service, "Life of Mrs. Booth," was excellent and well patronized. The people of this town are very generous in their subscriptions towards the work of God. God bless them. One dear man who had been a soldier years ago came back to the fold and got properly saved.—G. P. T.

A Change of Leaders.

HALIFAX I.—Some wanderers are returning to the fold of God. On Sunday night Adj't McGilivray and wife and Capt. Jackson farewelled from this corps and district, after 12 months' of faithful work for the Mas-

ter. We have learned to love them for their humble and simple trust and obedience to the Divine will. Quite a number of souls have sought the Lord since they have been here. On Tuesday all the city corps united for the final farewell of the officers of this corps. Quite a big crowd in attendance. Ice cream served at close of the meeting, and the soldiers' meeting was a time of blessing and refreshment to the Lord. They go to Princeton from here. Friday night was a united meeting to welcome our future leaders in the war in this corps. Adj't John McLean and wife and Capt. Lamont, a very good meeting. I believe God is going to bless, and make them a great blessing to this corps. On Sunday grand meetings all day, commencing with a good knee-drill, and one soul in the fountain at night. Hallelujah!—Treas. C. B.



The Treasurer of Brandon Corps.

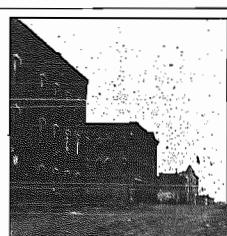
Next week we shall have something good to report. In the meantime, everybody pray for the success of our work in this part of the vineyard.—See, Morris, Cor.

CARIBERRY, Man.—Capt. LeDrew and Lieut. Woodworth have taken the places of Capt. Stokes and Lieut. Hallister. We have only a few soldiers, but they know how to fight. Good week-end. In spite of the heat, good crowds were good, and they gave quite liberally. The War Crys are all sold. Although we closed the day's fighting without any visible results, we feel confident the Spirit was working. The Major's two youngest boys have come to help us for a time, and we are believing for real good times.—Triftroria.

STRATHROY.—Did you hear of our social? Someone from Toronto was present who was Captain Hindmarch's first trainer. Capt. Jarvis also reviewed his former battle-ground. A special treat was the singing of a quintette, illustrating certain Bible characters rocking in the Saviour's arms. May His unstretched arms save many.—M. Hindmarch.

HANNAH, N. D.—11th Adj't. Came with us for three days. Saturday evening the Adj't dedicated J. S. Sgt-Major Meredith's little girl to the Lord. We had large crowds on Sunday and real good times. We are expecting a blessed season at our Camp Meetings.—Capt. P. H. Brown, C. O.

LISBON, N.D.—The most wonderful event of the season took place in the Salvation Army at Lisbon, July 3, '99. Our comrade, Lillian Curtis, was united in marriage to Walter J. McKen, of Manitoba. The service was conducted in the Methodist Church by Rev. Mr. Sizer, assisted by Ensign Hayes. The soldiers marched over with the Flag and drum, after which Ensign Hayes gave out a good Salvation Army song. Then the wedding march began. It was led by Rev. Mr. Sizer, followed by the bridesmaid, Sister Russell, the bride, the bridegroom and the groomsmen, Capt. Merritt. The vows were taken, and they both recited a promise to strive and to follow of their beloved Master. Although we lose one of our soldiers, yet God has given us another. While Ensign Perry was here, he enrolled Sis. Frogner as a Blood and Fire member.—R. C.



Our Barracks at Jamestown, N.D.

ANNAPOULIS, N.S.—On Friday night grand open-air meeting. One soul out at the drum for salvation. On Saturday Capt. Roach and her sister Maggie were with us. Meetings good. Three out for salvation. Our new D.O. has paid us a visit, which was much enjoyed by all who met him. Capt. Smith and Lieut. Duncombe in command.—M.R.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—The new officers arrived Thursday, to proceed, with God's help, in the war against sin. The meetings have been very good, with one precious soul in the Fountain on Monday night. He is doing nicely. Ensign and Mrs. Cummings, with the magic lantern, spent several days with us, and the meetings were appreciated by all. The last night of the Ensign's visit Brother and Sister Innes' little girl, Edith May, was dedicated to God and the Army. The little one was very good during the service, and we pray that she will be a great blessing in the future to the world. Twenty July had ice cream social, with Vancouver, Nanaimo, and Kamloops comrades with us. All seemed to enjoy the ice cream, as it was a very warm day.—M.L. for Capt. Perronrod.

BEAR RIVER.—We are enjoying a visit from our worthy brother, Ensign Harry Jim Miller. He is enjoying a much needed rest. By the way, Bear River is a lovely spot to live in. What with the cherries and other good things God makes to grow, one is ever reminded of His bountiful goodness and mercy.



Mr. Reid, Y.M.C.A. Secretary, Skagway.

A Visit from the Bishop.

ROSSLAND, B.C.—Here we are again right side up. God is blessing us in a special manner, especially with specials. "Hallelujah!" Our new Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Gage, with us on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, accompanied by "Bishop" Howell, of Spokane, our P.O. God bless them both. Tuesday's meeting led by Staff-Capt., who is still as full of fire as ever. On Thursday Brigadier officiated, and led a meeting which pleased all, but on account of circumstances will report later. Keep your eyes open for something good in the future. Capt. Quinn came to assist Capt. Davis. We are all looking forward with joy to the visit of Col. Jacobs (on the 17th), and our spirits run high for a good old time. Thank God for the dear old Army.—D. McDougall.

Original.

INGERSOLL—Talk about originality—this is the town it thrives in. Listen to some of the free-and-easy speeches of last Sunday. "The people who are a hindrance to our rivals to-day are those who hold a profession yet don't know when they were saved. God help them! You can't set up a fire of sea-soaked wood, neither can you make a fire of these world-soaked Christians. They need to be kiln-dried before they catch fire for God!"—Friend, "I want to jump on sin and the devil with both feet!" "I'll do it, too."—Sister Mrs. Moyer. "My old pet knows as when I got saved, I used to kick the dog and cuff the cat, then bang the door and go off cussing. Now I never goes out without giving my old pet a sweet kiss!"—Happy Jim Childs. "When I come to the Great Physician He won't say like some of the physicians do: 'How's a man? till he sends to someone else.' He looked after my case at once and healed me of all my sin sickness!"—Bro. Jim Hill—M. K. C.C.

OMEROVIA—Capt. Lori is rejoicing over the arrival of Lieut. Northcott. I am sure we all glad to meet her. We had with us Saturday night Capt. O'Neill. Monday was a day of big times. We had Major and Mrs. Turner with us. We were pleased to meet our old friend, Mrs. Turner. She was our captain some seven or eight years ago. There were also present Bro. and Sis. Mosley and Inst. but by no means least, Adj't. Wiggin, from Lindsay. Altogether we had a good time and a nice crowd.—R.C.

PETERBORO—Although you have not heard from us for some time, we are glad to be able to report victory. Adj't. Aikenhead and Capt. French have said farewell. God bless them! We have seen many precious souls converted since coming here. We have welcomed to our midst Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Burditt, who are going to lead the Peterboro braves on to victory in the future. Already they have won the people's hearts and we find them to be real old-time Blood-and-Fire, never-cive in warriors. The holiness meeting on Sunday morning was a time of power. God did draw near and while Staff-Captain poured forth the burning truths, we were compelled to look at our own hearts, and to pull ourselves up to the standard of a whole-hearted service. Sunday night also was a time of God's passing by. Many were deeply convicted of sin but we had to close without visible results, but feeling sure it was not in vain.—Cader. May Lang.

WINDSOR, N. S.—The new Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, and Staff-Capt. Taylor paid us a visit on Wednesday, July 5th, which proved a blessing and help to us. The officers from the District wrote to us for the occasion, so helped to make the lively.—S. A. Boyle. Of Digby, was with us. God has blessed us since last report. sinners have been saved, backsliders returning home, and interest in being re-vived.—Treas. McPhee.

TRURO, N. S.—Only one week in Truro, but we are having an interesting time. Large crowds in the open-air and collections good. On Thursday night, while the Captain was speaking, an outside gentleman passed in \$1, and on Saturday night while he was singing "From the General down to me," a young man made a target of him, and did not cease the bombardment till his coin was expended, amounting to upwards of 50¢. Miss McClellan, Superintendent Berchale Mission in this town, and who goes to attend an anniversary on Wednesday, is loaning their hall, which we will occupy till her return, about the first part of September. We are hoping to have a good time and pray

that there will be a shaking and a coming together of the bones. Amen!—A.H. and N. S.

MIDLAND—We have the devil mad again. Thursday night a young man left the meeting unsaved, but was glad to return and give his heart to God. Sunday, good meetings, and at night one backslider, the ex-secretary, returned to his Father's fold. In God we trust, for souls we fight.—J. M. McCann.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—Easjin and Mrs. Young, from Cleveland, Ohio, with us for week-end, also Bro. and Sister Young, from "Oak Bay," P. Q. Large crowds at open-air, and fair crowds inside. Finances good. God bless the Nanaimos. Come again.—G. P. T.

HUNTSVILLE—Sunday saw a poor backslider in the Fountain. The League of Mercy work here among the hospitals and sick is a source of great blessing, and the Sergeants in charge of this part of God's work are looked for eagerly by the sick and wounded. The Christian friends are getting warmed up, and to see the way they enjoy themselves and the "after the prayer meeting prancing time" makes our hearts praise Him.—J. C. Sergt.-Major.

BARRIE—Here this is in print, we shall have had our honored Commissioner to pay us a visit. We are doing our utmost to make the meetings a success, which we have no reason to doubt, will be a gigantic affair. We all say God bless our noble Leader and the boys on the India rubber horses. Sunday all day we had a special time. The evening's meeting was a solemn time, being the farewells of two comrades for the Training Home. Sis. Reynolds and Sis. Peatling. The former has been a Salvationist from a child. The family are Salvationists. The mother's words were touching as she expressed her obedience to give her daughter for the Lord's work. I might say, passing along, Barrie has sent out some 60 cadets. Monday evening was to be the final farewell. The Secretary had a very beautiful programme arranged for the evening. Our secretary stands second to none on such occasions. God bless you! Jesus will say soon day. She hath done what she could. It was one of the best farewells I have had the privilege to attend for the past nine years.—Capt. W. Lewis.

A Clean Heart for the Barracks.

INGERSOLL—What a busy scene! The barracks is going to have a "clean heart" triumphantly announced by the Captain, as he flourishes in true workman style a huge paint brush. "How do you like the paper? Won't things be fine? Ain't the paint pretty?" follow in quick succession. We think it's going to be very nice—so neat and pretty when completed. Now, it's my turn to ask a question. "Anything for the War Cry this week, Capt?" Oh yes, tell them about the four souls on Sunday night, and the four souls wandered who came out in the afternoon (Captain's eyes fairly glistened at this point) and the Sunday night open-air! And the crowds!" And the meetings!!! It was my best day in Inggersoll. We see the quantity of work on every hand, so having the material for a report, hustle off, rejoicing that things are steadily improving round town in Salvation Army circles.—Corps Mr. K.

St. John III. on Fire.

ST. JOHN III. is on fire, and although we have had many hard battles with the evil spirit, we did not shrink from our post of duty, but rather went up the hill of Calvary a mile-stone further, and by the fire of the Holy Ghost, we forced back the power of darkness. Eight precious souls were set free from their sins. Our meetings are being held all over the town, for everywhere we line up in the open air, great crowds swarm around to hear what the Lord has been doing for us, and by the testimonies and the power of God backbone them up, many precious souls are being born again. We had the pleasure of having our new commanding officer, Major Pickering, with us on Sunday evening, and we all got a big blessing, as he is well supplied with the power of God. The lessons he taught us will stand by us in this great war of soul-saving.—Cor. C. W. Marshall.

NANAIMO, B.C.—Sunday, July 5th. Capt. Penneford and Lieut. Bell's farewell from Nanaimo. Capt. Penneford has spent several months in charge of the work in Nanaimo, and it was a time of great blessing to her. We

Lieutenant was in Nanaimo for two weeks only, and, with the Captain, greeted leaving the comrades, who have been exceedingly kind to him, also the many friends who in different ways helped to brighten and cheer them on the way. The jail meetings were very good, and we had the privilege of receiving a letter from one of the men, saying he had given God his heart while in the jail, and was still pressing onward and getting along nicely since he left. The farewell meeting was good, and the officers left encouraged to fight on in other fields.—M. for Capt. Penneford.

Many Happy Returns.

LETHBRIDGE—Praise the Lord for our second birthday, and, although but a young corps, we have met with glorious success, and, by God's grace, we earnestly hope to continue. Right from the opening of this corps we have been greatly favored with visits from our Eastern leaders, and, really, I must think we are the people, for even the railroad company here are favoring this town by a shorter route to the West, with a daily train, and we earnestly pray the time will not be far distant when we shall have the pleasure of a visit from our beloved Compt. We shall all be pleased to spare no expense in giving her one of the grandest receptions ever given, and, at the same time, would result in a great harvest of souls. Ere this appears we shall have celebrated a three-days' special anniversary meetings, at which time an enrollment of soldiers will take place; also other items of interest.—Wm. Farren, R.C.

Perth's Sympathy all Right

PERTH—The population of this place is roughly about 4,000. It has seven saloons and as many churches, not counting the Salvation Army, which gives the "influence for good" a little the majority. There is no doubt about the people of Perth liking the Army. They show this by the way they buy the War Cry and give to the collections, especially in the open-air. Let me instance: We stand three times during the week, and our average collection is \$50., and from an ordinary week-night attendance of 36 people we get \$1. Cartridge money from soldiers' meeting, composed of two, \$1.05. Again, I am wondering if there are more than 100 in the best time. The chief of police is our best friend, and he is now refooling that his labors are much lightened, owing to the fact that his presence or services at the barracks is not required. (N.B.—We should be pleased to see him as an auditor.) Have been here two weeks. Have not seen any souls at the mere seat, but am doing some mighty heavy for a real definite work being done for God!—Richard Pugh, D. O.

Six "Souls Saved.

RAT PORTAGE—Saturday night one soul in the Fountain. Sunday, good meetings all day, ending with five souls being saved. Easjin and Mrs. Harkness have now taken hold and are leading their soldiers to victory.—M. E. H. Rez. Cor.

Bandsman Smith's Baby Goes on Before.

It is my sad duty to report to the War Cry the rather sudden death of the only child of Bandsman and Mrs. Smith, of Montreal. Little Walter died last Friday, and spared to our comrades long—about five short months, and they are left without him. His short life was one of suffering. Jesus would not let the child endure any more pain, so He took him to Heaven. On Monday, July 17th, the spirit returned to God Who gave it, Major Hargrave conducted the funeral service at the home of our comrades. Everyone present must have desired to have an apostle's record in heaven as our little soldier-boy. Walter had, for I must not forget to say that he had been dedicated to God and the Army. God highly upheld the parents, and their response to the will of God has proved that they have a living faith in the words that "He doeth all things well." Adj't. Goodwin.

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

The Special

HARVEST FESTIVAL WAR CRY!

A Special Number at the Ordinary Price.

DON'T MISS IT!

Warriors'**Weekly Witness-Box.****My Experience of Sinful Thoughts.**

Once I was a slave to sinful thoughts. How I used to delight in indulging and harboring evil imaginations in my head, and having bitter feelings towards my fellowbeings, especially if they had done me an injury, real or imaginary. My thoughts would lead me to build castles in the air of the most vile things imaginable. I really enjoyed myself in giving free course to my evil thinking, and many times putting my evil thoughts into practice. But evil thoughts are the outcome of a sinful and corrupt heart.

If the tree is good, the fruit will also be good; if corrupt, the fruit will also be corrupt. I praise God that, through His convincing Spirit, I was led to feel myself a lost guilty and undone sinner in His sight, and made a Sinner, and was enabled by His help to confess and forsake all my sins, and by faith accept Jesus as my Saviour and Deliverer. I praise God now for a pure heart, pure thoughts, desires, feelings, and purposes. Praise God for such a wonderful salvation for whosoever will.—Treas. Cabin. Halifax I.

Billy Williams, of Jamestown.

How did I get saved? Well, that is a mystery to me, and something I can never explain, even to myself. I have tried several times to get at a lucid explanation of the matter, but always with the result that there were so many seemingly disconnected incidents leading up to the time and shaping the events of my miserable life, that I can only attribute it to the hand of God.

I was born in a little farm house four months when I met the Salvation Army; the Hallelujah bonnet being the first thing that I remember attracting my attention. Capt. Hindeman and a woman soldier of my acquaintance were selling War Crys in the saloon in E. G. Forks. I bought a Cry. In a few days I met them again on the street, and I bought another Cry. The Captain talked to me about my soul and I promised to attend the meetings in Grand Forks, although I must confess that I had no intention of doing so. Soon after the Army marched to East Grand Forks, and in the ranks were men with whom I was familiar. I began to attend the meetings, and as they gave their testimonies I believed them and took hope in my heart that there might be salvation for even me if I could only do something to deserve it. So I began to make resolutions, and break them, and got more and more miserable until I was just on the verge of suicide. In that state I determined to attend the meetings, and in order to be sure to get into the hall I filed in with the march, and after being twice pushed out of the line I managed to get into the hall. Though the hall was packed, I could see no one but those on the platform, and I sat there, trembling and shivering, and testifying of my old associates in sin, and although I did not go to the penitent form that night, I prayed to God to pardon my sins. I said, "O Lord, have mercy on me and save me from myself and the devil that is leading me; but whether You save my soul or not, if You will help me I will quit my meanness right now," and I believe He heard my prayer, for though I was drunk at the time I have never touched one drop of drink since.

The next meeting found me early in my seat waiting with what patience I might find for the invitation to come to the penitent form. I went there and the work was done.—Bro. Williams, better known as "Billy" Williams.

When a man hath come to this, that he seeketh comfort from no created thing, then doth he perfectly enjoy God, then also will he be contented with whatsoever shall happen unto him. Then he neither rejoice for much nor be sorrowful for little, but he comfitteth himself altogether and with full trust unto God. Who is all in all to him, to whom nothing perisheth nor dieth, but all things live to him and obey his every word without delay.

MAJOR TURNER'S PROGNOSTICATIONS,

—BEING—

C. O. P. Notes on Harvest Festival.

We have read the Editorial column on the West Ontario Province and their efforts in connection with the coming H. F. battle, and would like to inform you, Mr. Editor, that the C. O. P. does not intend to take a hand sent in the effort which is upon us. There are many things in the Central which are aiding us in efforts of this kind while perhaps others have the advantage of it. At the present time our efforts have proved that we are not the individuals to be overcome by difficulties, but shall, by the strength of God, who has helped us in times past, become masters of the situation, and by His blessing we shall come out distinctly on top at this Harvest Festival Effort.

District Targets.

The targets for the respective Districts are as follows:

Toronto District	\$567.00
Hamilton District	237.00
Barrie District	175.00
Lindsay District	172.00
Bracebridge District	165.00
Sudbury District	120.00
Owen Sound District	115.00
Bowmanville District	85.00

The targets for the Barrie, Lindsay and Bracebridge Districts are almost equal. It remains to be seen, however, who will take the first place in the race.

Adj't. Carr, Archibald, and Scarr are three old warriors in efforts of this kind, and it will be interesting to know who will come out on top.

Adj't. Moore's District target equals that of Owen Sound and Sudbury Districts combined. It remains to be seen whether the latter Districts united will leave the Adj'tant away in the shade, or whether he will secure another \$100 on top of his District target.

For the benefit of all concerned, we have arranged the corps into five classes, which places we believe they will not only maintain, but will leave the same far behind.

1st Class Targets.

Temple \$110, Lisgar \$100, Hamilton \$85.

Hardly had Staff-Capt. Archibald received word of the effort, and what the target for the Temple would be, than he came in with cheerful assurances that he had already received one-quarter of his target in donations, and has since received other substantial donations, which leads us to believe that he will not only secure his target of \$110, but will go away above the same.

Ensign Fox and Adj't. Moore are, however, hard after the Staff-Captain, and it would not surprise us after all if Lisgar Street, with all the worthy followers we have there, did not come out on top. However, time will tell. Ensign Fox and Adj't. Moore are made of good material and no doubt will give Staff-Captain Archibald a close run. I would not be surprised if Adj't. Moore springs a surprise on us and carries off the laurels for the C. O. P. after all.

2nd Class Targets.

St. Catharines \$75, Farm Colony \$70, Princeton St. \$70, Lindsay \$90, Riverside \$60, Sudbury \$60.

The largest target in this class is Ensign Williams' of St. Catharines. I have had a personal talk with the Ensign relative to his target, and he assures me that he expects to come out with flying colors. There, however, will be some keen competition in this class, as the notable Adj't. Wiggins, Adj't. Densbury, and Adj't. Myles are all embraced in the same.

Mrs. Wynn, unfortunately, has just taken sick again, which will cause Riverside to suffer somewhat. In the absence of her husband, however, Mrs. Wynn is taking hold of things with a will and with the united assistance of Riverside braves, who knows but what she will come out at the head of this class?

Sudbury will make itself felt with Capt. Stephens at the helm, although they have not the opportunity of collecting a lot of farm produce, still, the miners of that section of the country will

come to the help of our comrades and see that they secure a glorious victory.

3rd Class Targets.

Yorkville \$55, Barrie \$50, Orillia \$45, Bracebridge \$45, Newmarket \$40, Bowmnville \$40, Owen Sound \$40.

We have some worthy fighters in this class, embracing three D. O.'s.

Capt. Ross, who assumed command of Yorkville with the plans that he has already put into effect, will come out with flying colors as far as that corps is concerned.

As to the three D. O.'s, Adj't. Cameron, Adj't. Scarr and Ensign Smith, it will remain to be seen who will come out on top. There is not very much difference in the targets.

Ensign Smith, however, gave us a pleasant surprise last year and did a masterpiece in Owen Sound. Who knows but that she will take the head of this class for 1890.

Capt. Crawford has just taken hold of Owen Sound, and we have faith to believe that she will not only secure the \$60, but will accomplish a victory that will surprise us all.

sult that he secured one-quarter of his target, wheeling 66 miles to do so, and returning to the city with his face radiant with joy, as he explained to me the glorious day's success God gave him in not only collecting for the Harvest Festival, but in also doing some visitation among a number of country friends that he met, and talking to them of Jesus and His wonderful love.

I would not be surprised—well, I will not express myself here—Capt. Jones and Cornish will have to use every energy or else Dovecourt may take the lead.

Still, Capt. Cornish has a fixed determination that neither one shall get ahead of him. Capt. Jones has done some special collecting for the repairs of his barracks, but still will not allow this in any way to impede the progress of the H. F. scheme. On the other hand, this might not be the case with the Harvest Festival effort.

The \$25 targets take in Cants. Slater, White, Gammage, and Lieut. Young.

Capt. Slater has already written us of victory. We have also heard from Oshawa to the effect that we need not be concerned about them getting their tar-

get, however, has been taken up with a will by the officers. The soldiers, in many instances are enthusiastic for the scheme and we predict a glorious Harvest Festival success.

The assurances that have come in from almost every part of the Province have been most cheering indeed, and we have no fear but what each one will be able to report a glorious victory in connection with the effort.

The prayers of the Brethren and Provincial Staff are ever with you. We remember you at the Throne of Grace and shall follow you in your fight and struggle to come out with flying colors.

OUR N.W. BOOMERS.

(Arrived too late for Hustlers' page.)

Cadet E. Custiar, Winnipeg	110
Capt. Kenmire, Minnedosa	110
Mrs. Adj't. Barr, Fargo	92
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	85
Capt. Bauson, Calgary	81
Lient. Russell, Moose Jaw	73
Capt. Stonker, Grafton	65
Capt. Cook, Prine Albert	65
Cadet D. Custiar, Winnipeg	65
Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake	62
Lient. Forberg, Fort William	55
P. S. M. Gillian, Portage la Prairie	55
Lient. Potter, Edmonton	53
Lient. Cook, Brandon	53
Mrs. Heath, Selkirk	40
Sergt. Lang, Port Arthur	37
Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, Rat Portage	37
Cand. Nuttal, Portage la Prairie	37
Capt. Livingston, Fort William	37
Mrs. Capt. Westcott, Selkirk	37
Capt. Cook, Grafton	40
Capt. McIvor, Lacombe	40
Lient. Cook, Brandon	40
Mrs. Heath, Selkirk	40
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg	37
Lient. Hammond, Laramore	35
Lient. Draper, Laramore	35
Capt. Mercer, Lisbon	33
Capt. Flaws, Emerson	33
Capt. Pearce, Moosomin	33
Sister Gamble, Rat Portage	27
Ensign Hayes, Brandon	26



Capt's. Rennie and White, at Orillia and Newmarket respectively, will both score a half-eye. In fact, if we mistake not, they will both make similar efforts to come out the head of the class. Capt. White has told me of some of his plans for the Harvest Festival efforts, which, if put into effect, will bring him out among the champions of 1890.

4th Class Targets.

Huntsville \$35, Parry Sound \$35, Gravenhurst \$35, Midland \$35, Richmon St. \$35, Collingwood \$35, Little Current \$35, Hamilton 11. \$35, Brampton \$30, Owen Sound \$30, Fenelon Falls \$30, Mens Shelter (Toronto) \$30, Uxbridge \$27, Dundas \$27, Dovecourt \$27, Fergushoun \$25, Oshawa \$25, North Bay \$25, Hamilton Shelter \$25, Kincardine \$25, Aurora \$25, Menard \$20.

This is the largest number of corps in this class and also a considerable amount of talent and genius. The \$35 targets endure such fighters as Capt's. Brant, Wilson, Nelson, McCann, Clink, Sherwin, Hinman and Wicks.

There will be keen competition among these corps for first place. Several of these officers have already created for themselves a reputation in the days gone by in connection with the special efforts, and we shall look with a great deal of expectation for each one to secure a glorious victory.

Capt. Clark, apparently, did not want to commit herself, when talking with her the other day, but with a merry twinkle in her eye, we could see that she intended to give us a pleasant surprise.

I am not sure in my own mind as to who is likely to take the first place. If I might hazard a guess, Capt. Clark, will leave all the rest behind. The \$30 targets include Ensign Fletcher, Captain Mitchell, Capt. Lott, and Capt. Barker. Ensign Fletcher will have his hands full to compete with these three sisters, and will have to use all his energies in order to hold his place with either one of them.

Capt's. Lott and Barker have secured many victories in days gone by, while Capt. Mitchell, with her Brampton corps, will not be prepared to take a back seat.

This will be a very keen and also a very interesting race among these four competitors.

Those fighting the \$27 class are Capt. Jones, Capt. Cornish and Lieut. Poole.

The first day's effort with Lieut. Poole, of Dovecourt, put in was with the re-



Two Views of Bismarck, N.D., After the Great Fire of Aug. 8th, 1889.

get. While Lieut. Young, of Kinnmont, writes to us "If you cannot get me help for H. F. then, please God, I will tackle it alone, and get there." Capt. Gaumer, of North Bay, is by no means the largest officer in the Province, but we would not be surprised if she came out the head of the class, leaving all others in the shade.	25
Capt. Johnson, Winnipeg	25
Capt. Askin, Grafton	23
Lient. Haugen, Moosomin	23
Capt. Glover, Lisbon	23
Mrs. Capt. Newell, Newell	23
Capt. Gaumer, North Bay	23
Lient. Bladt, Bismarck	21
Capt. Westcott, Selkirk	20
Capt. LeDrew, Carberry	20
Capt. Cromarty, Onoka	20
Capt. Halsten, Bismarck	20
Lient. H. H. Habkirk, Neepawa	20
Sister Doerden, Rat Portage	20

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Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg	25
Capt. Askin, Grafton	23
Lient. Haugen, Mo	

HUSTLERS' CORNER

Arab Just One Head's Length Ahead

Nigger Getting up Speed—A Little

[More Oats for Mag—No Apparent]

Danger from the Eastern Star

for Some Time to Come.

Ninety-five hustlers names sent from West Ontario, and ninety-four from the Central! Stop and think what it means. It implies that the tropical heat has not enervated Nigger, but rather agrees with him. This is a very good indication, but will Arab give Nigger a chance to get ahead? This is the vital question, and next week will bring the answer.

Mag, of East Ontario, is a good horse. It trots well, and pulls the chariot of the Province along at an even speed. But why should it not develop into a faster speed horse? What is it that is wanted? Is it the weight, the carry-comb, the weight, or some good oats? Probably several of these items in harmonious blend. Pardon our suggestions, Major Hargrave.

The Eastern Star is a long time rising. We have looked and strained our eyes to see its brilliant rays above the horizon, but the hills of Ontario have hidden its glory from our longing gaze. Still we have hopes. Why should we not, since the East has all the opportunities to make it cock of the Hustler's competition?

As to others—God bless them—they are making a brave fight. The Northwest is late—in fact, has not arrived yet—and, while we receive it very shortly, we have to hold it over for next War Cry. The Pacific is keeping up, and Newfoundland is coming on. If the N.W. or the Pacific would make a radical effort to collect hustler's names, I believe they could beat the East easily.—Good-bye.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

95 Hustlers.

Sergt. G. Yeomans, Chatham 223
Capt. Clarke, London 203
Capt. Carter, Brantford 170

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Bateman, Stratford 165
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Galt 154

Lient. Kitchen, Woodstock 130
Lient. Horwood, Goderich 110

Lient. Ringerle, Petrolia 108
Cand. Foster, Petrolia 92

Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Windsor 89
Capt. Carter, Hespeler 85

Lient. Smith, Sarnia 70
Capt. Holdnott, Strathroy 70

Lient. Crawford, Wingham 67
Lient. Hookin, Wallaceburg 65

Capt. Hunter, Clinton 65
Mrs. Rock, Ridgeway 64

Capt. Coc, Sarnia 61
Ensign Gamble, Woodstock 60

Lient. Frye, Clinton 60
Capt. Freeman, Ridgeway 56

Capt. Sitzer, Dresden 55
Adjt. Blackburn, Windsor 51

Adjt. McAmmond, London 50
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll 50

Miss. Mrs. St. Thomas 50
Sister Gordon, Paris 50

Sister F. Erb, Berlin 50
P. S. M. Smith, Guelph 67

Capt. Haley, Bayfield 45
Capt. Hollett, Tilsonburg 45

Sergt.-Major Mrs. Scott, Guelph 45
Capt. Liston, Forest 44

Sergt. M. Allan, Mitchell 42
Mrs. Adjt. McIver, Brantford 42

Capt. Mathers, Listowel 41
Sergt.-Major Dearing, Hespeler 40

Lient. Yeomans, Tilsonburg 40
Lient. Crank, Bowdoin 40

Cand. D. Sims, Chatham 40
Sister M. Schuster, Berlin 38

Sister D. Bond, Wincham 37
Sergt. Brindley, Goderich 37

Lient. Beech, Ingersoll 37
Bro. Benn, Wallaceburg 36

Capt. Lynn, Palmerston 35
Mrs. McGuinn, Blenheim 35

Cand. D. Sims, Guelph 35
Sergt.-Major Graham, Thanesville 35

Mrs. Thompson, Woodstock 33
Sister Pickle, Lemmington 32

Lient. L. Simard, Bowdoin 31
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston 30

Capt. Ross, Norwich 30
Sister Whales, Lemmington 30

Lient. Thompson, Guelph	30
Sister H. Erb, Berlin	29
Adjt. McHara, Brantford	28
Mrs. Haddington, Blenheim	28
Lient. Holden, Blenheim	28
Sergt. F. Palasz, London	28
Capt. McDonald, Dearyton	28
Sergt. Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	28
Capt. Jordison, Leamington	28
Carrie McQueen, St. Thomas	28
Lient. Pickle, St. Thomas	28
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	28
Capt. Coy, Berlin	28
Capt. Fell, Wallaceburg	28
See Mrs. Harris, London	28
Lient. Hartman, Wyoming	28
Sister Cutting, Essex	28
Capt. Haddington, Blenheim	28
Brigade McLean, Essex	28
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Essex	28
Lient. Stickells, Mitchell	28
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	28
Capt. Copeman, Watford	28
Capt. Green, Simcoe	28
Gertie Cheeseman, London	28
Sergt. Mrs. Lives, Ingersoll	28
P. S. M. Mrs. Noe, Ingersoll	28
Sister Quirk, Stratford	28
Sister Melton, Stratford	28
Lient. Winters, Stratford	28
Mrs. S. S. Thompson, Stratford	28
Lient. Hart, Newmarket	28
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	28
Sister Heekin, St. Thomas	28
Sister A. Coppins, St. Thomas	28
Sister F. Chatterton, McGregor	28
Capt. Cadet Crawford, Paris	28
Bro. Christnor, Dresden	28
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Berlin	28

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE. 94 Hustlers.

S.-M. Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	110
Lient. Stickells, Owawa Sound	72
Capt. Matthews, Braebridge	72
Lient. Poole, Dovercourt	72
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	72
Capt. Redburn, Ridgetown	72
Capt. Cadet W. Thompson, Oshawa	72
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	72
Lient. Trikey, Richmond St.	72
Sister Pearce, Temple	72
Sergt. Medlock, Temple	72
Capt. Hanna, Parry Sound	72
Sergt. Mrs. Schwartfager, Lindsay	72
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	72
Lient. Lillard, Collingwood	72
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	72
Lient. McLeannan, Sudbury	72
Sister Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	72
Capt. Stollfiker, Riverside	72
Ensign Smith, Bowmanville	72
Lient. Critie, Orillia	72
Adjt. G. Cameron, Barrie	72
Capt. Gammage, North Bay	72
Lient. Huskinson, North Bay	72
Capt. McCann, Midland	72
Capt. Rennie, Orillia	72
Sergt. McQualig, Temple	72
Capt. Mrs. Killingsbeck, Lindsay	72
Lient. Edwards, Little Current	72
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville	72
Lient. Dales, Meaford	72
Bro. Dixon, Temple	72
Capt. F. Welch, Orangeville	72
P. S. M. Beall, St. Catharines	72

BREAKING UP HOME TIES.



Good-bye, Amarantha, I can't stand it any longer. Here our horse is behind the competition. I am going to hunt up the lost War Cry hoomers.

Lient. Bone, Midland	31
Lient. Young, Kinnmount	30
Sergt. Gilks, Yorkville	30
Lient. Wedge, Yorkville	30
Capt. Shurton, Huntsville	30
Capt. Mainiand, Aurora	30
Lient. Patten, Huntsville	30
Lient. M. Howcroft, West Toronto	30
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II.	30
Sec. Daniels, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Brown, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. A. Sherwin, Huntsville	30
Lient. E. Pattenden, Huntsville	30
Bro. Thomas Boyer, Bracebridge	30
See Woodyard, Collingwood	28
Lient. Copper, Brampton	27
Capt. Mitchell, Brampton	27
Capt. Barker, Fenelon Falls	27
Capt. G. Attron, Guelph	27
Capt. Hoyden, Meaford	26
Sister Cook, Temple	26
Bro. Burns, Temple	25
Capt. Rose, Richmond St.	25
Bro. Newsom, Richmond St.	25
Sister Mrs. Ferguson, Parry Sound	25
Capt. Kivil, Bowmanville	25
Capt. Lewis, Barrie	25
Capt. Wiseman, Oakville	25
Lient. Titus, St. Catharines	25
Adjt. Moore, Hamilton I.	25
Sister T. Ge, Hamilton II.	25
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton II.	25
Capt. J. Howcroft, West Toronto	25
Sister Emily Howell, Riverside	25
Sister Richard, St. Catharines	25
Sister M. M. Gommecumba, Northfield	25
Capt. Lott, Owenmece	25
Lient. Northcott, Owenmece	25
Cadet Stickells, Lippincott	25
Cadet Maisy, Lippincott	25
Bro. Curry, Hamilton II.	25
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	25
Cadet Carwardine, Lippincott	25
Sister Pearce, Richmond St.	25
Capt. Brant, Little Current	25
Sister Berles, Richmond St.	25
Sister Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	25
Sergt. Boulton, Temple	25
Capt. Copeland, Huntsville	25
S.M. Cockins, Meaford	25

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Capt. G. C. Goodla, S. A. Farm	29
Mrs. Enice Pearce, Dovercourt	29
Capt. White, Oshawa	29
Capt. Daull, Sudbury	29
Sister Mrs. Bradbeer, North Bay	29
Sister Eden, Yorkville	29
Sergt. Mrs. Brown, Huntsville	29
Sister Copeland, Huntsville	29
Capt. Fisher, Chelsey	29
Capt. Williams, St. Albans	29
Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	29
Capt. French, Peterboro	29
Sergt.-Major Perkins, Barrie	29
Capt. LaLoche, Morrisburg	29
Capt. Dawson, St. Johnsbury	29
Ensign Hill, Peterboro	29
Sergt. Major Simmons, Kingston	29
Capt. Rogers, Montreal 1	29
Capt. Downey, Montreal 1	29
Lient. Williams, Kempsville	29
Mrs. Keitel, Ottawa	29
Capt. Bearrell, Tweed	29
Capt. Connors, Bellville	29
Capt. Barker, Belgrave	29
Capt. Phillips, Barre	29
Capt. Bushy, Montreal 11	29
Bro. Phillips, Barre	29
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	29
Capt. Cook, St. Johnsbury	29
Capt. Bliss, Prescott	29
Capt. Owen, Gananoque	29
Capt. Burris, Burlington	29
Capt. L. L. Audley, Burlington	29
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Sherbrooke	29
Ensign Kendall, Quebec	29
Capt. Banks, Newport	29
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	29
Capt. Tuck, Millbrook	29
Sister Darling, Port Hope	29
Lient. Hickman, Napanee	29
Sergt. Richard, Montreal IV.	29
Capt. Magee, Ampryor	29
Sergt. Weir, Gananoque	29
Lient. Pitcher, Pembroke	29
Sergt.-Major Thompson, Cobourg	29
Ensign Ward, Kingston	29
Adjt. O'Brien, Cornwall	29
Capt. Grace, Peterboro	29
Lient. Woods, Deseronto	29
Capt. Buntch, Montreal 1	29
Lient. Brookets, Montreal 1	29
Ensign Walker, Barrie	29
Ensign Staiger, Port Hope	29
Capt. Patterson, Peterboro	29
Sister Barber, Kingston	29
Sister Merchant, St. Johnsbury	29
Capt. Yake, Napanee	29
Capt. Symonds, Catoctico	29
Lient. Carter, Catoctico	29
Adjt. Goodwin, Montreal 1	29
Bro. Laburn, Perth	29
Sergt. McEwan, Ampryor	29
Capt. Crego, Odessa	29
Mrs. Stephenson, Peterboro	29
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	29
Sergt. Mrs. Coggan, Kingston	29
Bro. Rutledge, Montreal 1	29
Capt. D. Bentwell, Kingston	29
Sergt. D. King, Kingston	29
Dad Duggett, Trenton	29
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	29
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III.	29
Nellie Nicholson, Montreal I.	29

EASTERN PROVINCE.

55 Hustlers.



"I'll cure you of those naughty tricks. Here I have been waiting for that War Cry all day, and you sent the girls away when they called around with it. You'll

not try this again, my boy. Spare the rod and spoil the child," Solomon says, but I won't spoil you, darling."

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Sister Dakin, North Head	35
Maud Wilson, Halifax I	28
Elijah Kent, Bear River	28
Jessie Irons, Windsor	28
Robt. Clark, Windsor	25
Lieut. Head, North Head	25
Major Macmillan, Chatham	25
Ensign Parsons, Sydney	23
Sgt. Biach, Charlottetown	23
Ensign Fraser, Moncton	20
Capt. Ritchie, Moncton	20
Clas. McKay, Moncton	20
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WINDSOR.—We had some of the old-time power on Sunday. God came in mighty power over the people in the open-air. One man rushed in the ring and put his arms around Bro. Lloyd's neck and said, "Can you help me?" We soon had the drum in the ring and he cried out at the top of his voice to Jesus to save him, and God came and did a real work in his heart. I have heard hundreds cry, but never one cry like this poor man did, and the Lord heard him and took him in. Sinner, if you don't soon cry for salvation you will cry in hell. We have got our H. F. ready and I have faith for victory.—Adjt. S. Blackburn.



Eighteen Souls in Summer.

BIRDEGETOWN, N. S.—Warm? Yes, indeed. The sun feels the heat too, for a few of his followers have turned him during the past few days. With all the summer pleasures to fight against, we have had 18 souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. We are looking for more—Geo. Hudson, Capt., Lou Sharp, 30, Lieut.

DUNDAS.—Saturday, 20th of July, we had a musical festival. Bro. Ibbotson and family, together with some of the Hamilton comrades, also Bro. Walker and his two sons, of Dundas, were with us. Splendid open-air. The people gathered round us in the Market Square to listen to the musical family. Sunday evening hundreds came round the open air and lined the streets of Dundas as we prepared to go to the bandstand. Large crowds in the galleries for music, had to open to the gallery. Finances excellent. People immensely pleased with the Ibbotson family, and looking forward to the time when they will come again.—Mrs. Capt. Jones.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—For some time we have been looking forward with great anticipation to the visit of Colonel Jacot and Brigadier Illewell. But they were not the only visitors. We welcomed also Staff-Capt. Galt, our new D. O., Adjt. Bob Smith and Ensign Thorkildson. The last two are going north to take charge of the work among the Indians. When the S. A. Indians bring their chief here, we are all going up there the same day to Vancouver to meet them. They are a fine lot of fellows. They can speak, sing, pray, and play. We had a most blessed time during our special meetings. Sunday we had big times, with six souls in the Fountain.—B. Norman, R. C.

ALGONQUIN.—We had a beautiful meeting on Sunday night, over two hundred attendants. We are believing soon to see a smash in the enemy's ranks. The people here love the Army and want an officer. There are quite a few soldiers here, and others that ought to be.—Lieut. Newell.

ST. GEORGE'S, Ber.—Since last report we have been having victory. Our Sunday night we had with us Capt. Bell, and I am sure God came very near and blessed us, and although we closed our meeting we felt that there were many souls that were deeply convicted, so we had a prayer meeting, and after long and earnest pleadings thank God three bachelors returned to the fold, making five souls for the week. Comrades in good spirits.—W. J. S., R. C.

ST. GEORGE'S.—Splendid hall-meetings all the week. Capt. Bell was with us for Saturday and Sunday's meetings. Glorious time on Sunday night. Four bachelors came back to the fold. The meeting closed very near midnight. One poor sinner was deeply convicted of his sins; we prayed for him, but he would not yield up his all. The order in the hall is first class. We are trusting in Jesus for the victory over the devil and his kingdom. We believe in truth that works in love and purifies the heart.—R. S. C. C.

CALGARY.—We had Adjt. Smith with us for Sunday. Good meetings all week, and we expect to do well this week. One brother brought the Captain a lot of tobacco and a pipe, saying that by the help of God he never would use it again. Everybody is on the lookout for the new Ensign. Keep believing—Yours to win. Capt. L. Busson.

One Year Old.

LETHERIDGE.—See this appears in print we shall have entered upon our second year. Although the past year in some instances has been one of fighting, we praise God for a corps of 30 soldiers and three converts, and we are more determined by the grace of God to make this the best year. Our anniversary services proved a great blessing to all. At Sunday's meetings, from 7 o'clock till the close of the day, God's Word was preached. On Monday morning our brother returned to the Lord and to-day is well saved and hoping for brighter victories in the future. Monday's meeting took the form of a "musical" enrollment of six recruits, and an ice cream social, when everybody seemed truly overjoyed with the birthday social of this corps. Our Harvest Festival is now on the way for another red-letter day in the history of this corps. Our officers are now trying to make this a grand success financially, and above all for the extension of God's work.—W. F. Reg. Cor.

NELSON.—We are marching on to victory under the leadership of Adjt. Bob Smith and Capt. Bennett. We have secured two lots in a good location with a large dwelling house on it, which we have turned into a barracks, and in the near future we hope to erect a new brick building. Saturday, 15th and 16th of July, we had with us Colonel Jacobs, also Staff-Capt. Galt, of the East, accompanied by Brigadier Illewell. We had some excellent meetings and two souls out for salvation. We are believing for many more victories.—Yours truly, L. Pogue, Sec.

GLD PERLICAN.—We had good times on Sunday. In the afternoon we soul at the Cross, and at night we stood up to be prayed for. To God be all the glory.—Lieut. Sprakler for Capt. Moore.

BUTTE.—We are still alive and kicking the devil on every hand. We have said good-bye to our officers, Adjt. and Mrs. Hay, who, after nine months of hard and faithful fighting, have gone on a well-earned rest. May God's richest blessings go with them. Well, it was not long before we saw the happy faces of our new officers. You say, who are they? Well, they are not very big, but they are all the same size. The Lord. Their names are Adjt. and Mrs. Gale, and the heavenly gales are going to blow over Butte, or we will know the reason why. We are going to make "Old Smitty" look around. Soldiers going on fire for souls, and soon the fire will spread and spread, until there's mighty hellish flame. We are down on sin and the devil, and Jehovah is on our side. And we are sure to win, praise God. Good meetings all day Sunday. No one yielded, but the Spirit of the Ghost was felt in a wonderful way. Barracks packed in spite of the hot weather and many attractions in the city. Butte for God is our motto. More later. Yours in the war.—P.R.T.

New Arrivals for the War.

CHATHAM, N.B.—The first I must report is the arrival of a lovely daughter, before we left the winter. The meetings here are just steady now. We are making preparations for a big thing during the visit of our new P. O. and Chancellor. We are also very pleased to say Bro. F. Moultou, ex-Captain, has arrived here, and is taking his place among us. He will be quite a help.—A. H. Wright, Ensign.

TWILLINGATE, Nfld.—Although quite a number of the comrades are gone away to the内地, yet God is still with us. The past week we have had a blessed one. Sunday was a good day; nice crowds. At night two souls knelt at the Cross and sought salvation. How the soldiers did pray and sing and dance and shout over those souls. Yes, victory is sweet after it is won.—Ensign Cooper.

BEAUF RIVER.—I was not able to attend the meetings this past week, but they who did were blessed in their labors of love, in seeing souls won for the Master. Two precious souls were saved by the Blood of our Redeemer. Some three or four others raised their hands for prayer, others, and looked up with a smile, as though they were bringing recompence upon the cause of God. May they look, instead, to the Lamb of Calvary, is the earnest desire of the faithful. Amen!—S. Morine, Cor.

Happy in the Slums.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld.—Hallelujah! We are still proving God can give victory, even in the slum work. As we go around visiting the sick and dying, we see the presence of God who leads up the path leaving an easier one for His followers, seems to nerve us for the fight, and in this blessed work we are also led to see the need of being out-and-out for God. Our prayer is that we shall be living flames of fire.—B. Harris, Capt.

MISSOULA, Mont.—Adjt. and Mrs. Hay went with us over Sunday, and we appreciated their visit very much. Mrs. Hay was stationed here one term sometime ago, and has many warm friends here. Good meetings throughout the day. At night the Adjutant made one of his strong pleas, which caused many to think about their soul's salvation, although none would yield.—J. H. Prest, II. C.



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A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF MEN'S
English Staff Caps and
Lassies' Trimmed Bonnets

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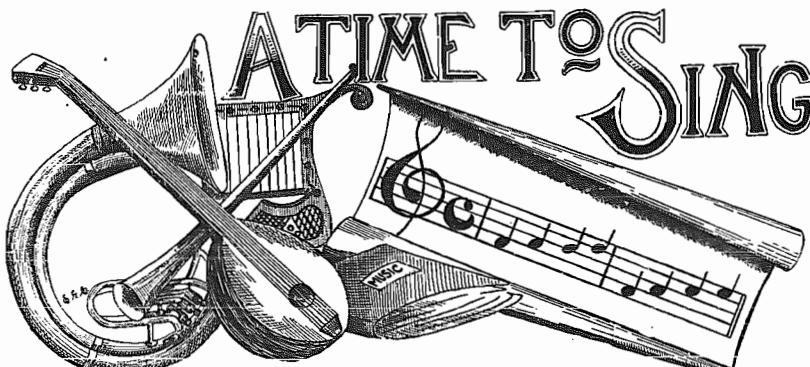
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Send Your Order to the Provincial Officer.

TRADE SECRETARY.

"Why, upon my word, I had nearly forgotten to send in the sack of wheat and barrel of apples to the Captain. I must do it now, for the H. F. sale is on to-night."



Tunes.—Wareham (B.J. 151, 2); Rockingham (B.B. 32); Montgomery (B.J. 211, 4); To heal the broken heart (B.J. 123, 4).

1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above;
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare a place.

Oh, let thy glorious presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which seem to have no other will
But day and night to follow Thee!

White in this region here below
No other good will I pursue;
I bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snare, adieu.

Tunes.—Consevation (B.J. 197, 1); Missionary (B.J. 178, 2) repeat chorus; John Anderson, my Jo (S.) repeat chorus;

2 My body, soul and spirit.
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated offering.
Thine evermore to be.

Chorus.
My all is on the Altar,
I'm waiting for the Fire.

O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great Name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.

Oh, let the Fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.

I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Washed by Thy precious Blood;
Now, seal me by Thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

Tune.—Twas a very happy day (B.J. 64).

3 I've had an elevation
From sin and degradation;
I once was bound, but now I've liberty.

I'm journeying to heaven,
The power to me is given,
To live a life from wickedness set free.

Chorus.

Salvation I can recommend,
To bring all shining to an end;
Then come and have it now, my friend,
"Tis offered unto thee.

"I'll get saved here to-morrow,"
Some said; but, to their sorrow,
That day to them has never, never come.
They've missed their way to glory,
How sad to tell the story!
They're groaning now in hell—oh, bitter doom!

But if you'll come to Jesus,
Who died from sin to save us,
And pardon claim as you forsake your sin,
You shall receive salvation.
Just now, from degradation,
And happy be with Jesus' love within,
W. H. Cox.

Tune.—For the Lion of Judah shall
break every chain (S.M. 1. 203; B.B. 60).

4 Whoever gave like thy Redeemer
and God?
"I've parted with even my last drop
of Blood;"

With the voice of My sufferings I'm
speaking to thee;
I have given up My all, what wilt thou
give to Me?"

Chorus.

Every drop of Thy Blood, Lord, was
given for me,
And the best I have, Lord, I'll give unto
Thee.

"I've lightened thy crosses and made
thy crown bright,
My victories have made it more easy to
fight;

I've borne thy transgressions, thy Sav-
iour to be,
I've suffered for thee, wilt thou suffer
for Me?"

Chorus.
Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary,
Where Jesus groaned and died for me;
Oh, praise the Lord, my soul is free,
For Jesus died instead of me!

I'm trusting, blessed Lord, in Thee,

Who paid my debt on Calvary.

When lost in sin and doon'd to die,
He freely laid His glory by,
And came to save a wretch like me,
From Heaven down to Calvary.

Such love it broke my stony heart,
And made me long from sin to part;
I saw there was no other plea,
But Jesus died on Calvary.

COMING! NEXT WEEK!

The Special

Harvest Festival "War Cry."

It will contain articles by

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER,
COLONEL JACOBS,
LIEUT.-COLONEL MARGETTS,

Various Provincial Officers, Staff-Captain Cowan,
Adjutant Page, and others.

EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATIONS.

A SPECIAL NUMBER BUT THE SAME PRICE.

"I am the Good Shepherd to care for
the lost,
To be thy Redeemer My life it has cost;
To learn self-denial My life and death
see;

For the world I have died, dare you face
death for Me?"

The late Colonel Pearson.

He Died for Me.

Tunes.—Oh, Beulah Land! or, Happy
day that fixed my choice (with old
chorus).

5 My soul is full of praise to God;
For I am washed in Jesus' Blood;
The debt of sin which was on me,
Was paid by Christ on Calvary.

"Twas done, my sins He washed away,
And keeps me by His power to-day;
My song in life and death shall be,
He bore my sins on Calvary.

Major Baugh.

Tunes.—How will you do? (B.J. 76);
Oh, how He loves! (B.J. 95); There
is a better land.

6 When you come to Jordan's flood,
You who will cross over your God,
How will you do?

Death will be a solemn day!
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray.

How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer,
How will you do?

When in Jordan you appear,
How will you do?
Can you then your terrors brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the grave?
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,
How will you do?
Can you leave that awful storm?
How will you do?
When the waves of death assail
Ever reel and prop will fail,
Perish will be of no avail—
How will you do?

NEXT WEEK! NEXT WEEK!

HARVEST
FESTIVAL
WAR CRY!



To Parents, Relations and Friends:
We will search for missing persons in any part of
the globe; before and, as far as possible, after
accidents, shipwrecks, &c. Address
Missouri Comptroller, 18 Albert Street, 16 Albert
Street, and mark "Missing" on the
envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray
expenses.

Advertisers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look
regularly through this column and to notify the
Commissioners if they are able to give any information
about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion).

ELIZABETH BARKER. When 11
years old, was sent from Kirkdale
Schools, Dec., 1883, to Mossor, Calver,
Wainstall Mills, Mount Tabor, Halifax,
Yorkshire, England. Left there five
years ago to join relatives in Liverpool.
Her sister, Annie Jane, now Mrs. Rewill,
West Derby, Liverpool, enquires. Address
Enquiry, Toronto.

ROBERT GARDINER. Dark complexion,
dark hair, moustache and eyes,
medium height, age about 30 years. Last
heard of in Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 1897. Barber by trade. Mother anxious.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

JOHN J. NEWSOM. Height 6 feet,
blue eyes, curly red hair, age 30 years.
Last heard of two years ago. May have
gone to Klondike. Mother in St. Thomas
very anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GALLOWAY, LOUIS E. Age 32,
height 5 foot 5 inches, dark eyes and
hair, slender. Last heard from in Key
West, Florida. Address Enquiry, Te-
ronto.

STIRTON, HERBERT. Age 44,
blue eyes, high forehead, slightly bald.
Generally wore a heavy beard. Height
5 feet 9 inches, weight 180. May be in
Klondike or any northern gold mine.
Wife anxious. Address Enquiry, Te-
ronto.

(Second Insertion).

WALTER BURROUGHS. Age 21,
height 5 ft 8 in., light hair, dark eyes,
farmer. Last heard of in Montreal.
Any news of him gratefully received.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

MRS. LUNON (nee Lamb) last heard
of in Barbadoes several years ago. May have
gone to U. S. A. Dark complexion,
height 5 ft. Has two thumbs on one
hand. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SHOOP CAMPBELL, LAIRD. Fair
complexion, blue eyes, brown hair,
slender, height, well educated.
Last heard of in Tacoma, W.
T. Mother broken

hearted to see
her only child. Has money for him.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

STEWART, G. B. Last heard from
in Regina, Aunt Lavina Stewart, of
Ingersoll, wished to hear from him.
Address Enquiry, Toronto.

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